IS SUCCESS RUINING KATHARINE HEPBURN?

HOLLYWOOD

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April



ALICE WHITE

The Women in My Life
By BING CROSBY

Are Your Favorite Foods Barred By

Fussy Stomach?



Tums Bring Quick Relief For Acid Indigestion..

Sour Stomach...Gas...Heartburn!

DO you often have to pay for eating a good meal—by having a sour, upset stomach? Do the very foods you like best sometimes bring on heartburn, unpleasant gas or belching? Thousands of people are finding they can now eat what they like without bad after-effects, thanks to a new candy-like antacid mint called TUMS.

Simply munch three or four TUMS after meals —or when smoking, or excesses of eating or drinking cause trouble, You will be surprised how quickly the excess acid is neutralized and the "Fussy Stomach" relieved. Carry a convenient roll in pocket or purse wherever you go. Be prepared for instant relief when indigestion is brought on by nervous strain, eating too fast, exercise after meals, train and auto rides, change of water or diet. Learn the joy of eating your favorite foods and smoking whenever you like without upset stomach. Get a roll of TUMS today at any drug store—only 10c.

FREE *Beautiful new gold and blue 1934 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples* **TUMS** *and* **NR**—*Just send name and address, enclosing stamp, to* **A. H. LEWIS COMPANY, Dept. DH-29 ST. LOUIS, MO.**

QUICK RELIEF

Carry Tums in your pocket or purse for quick relief whenever hasty eating, wrong food combinations, particular foods, excessive smoking, cause sudden distress.

TUMS
FOR THE TUMMY



GET 2 ROLLS FREE

Thousands of people are buying TUMS in the convenient $1.00 box containing 12 rolls—thus getting 2 rolls free.



P.S. Sweeten the Stomach and You Sweeten the Breath

Isn't It A Shame!



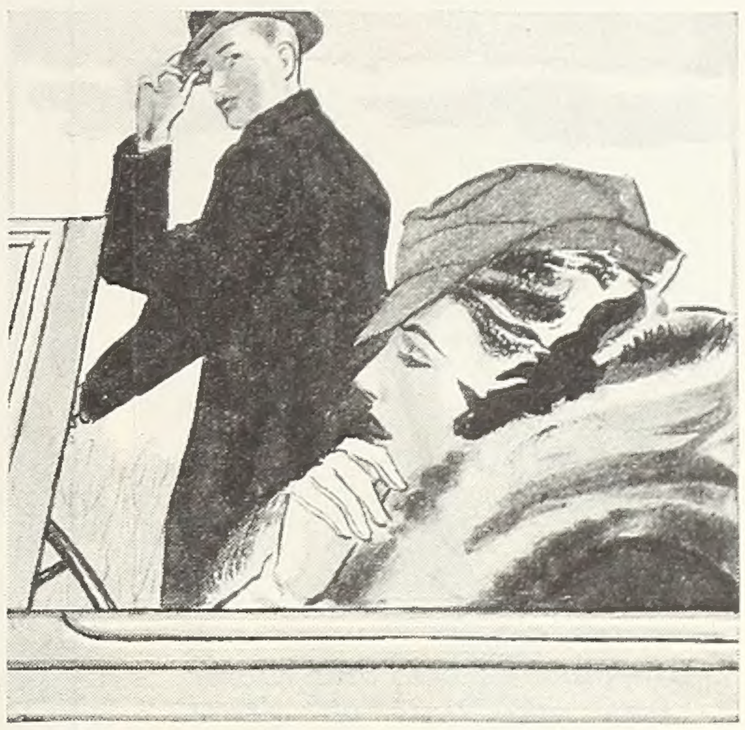
A BIG CAR, GORGEOUS CLOTHES...BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!



You can count on Sylvia to drive the crowd to any house party! She's a grand girl, and she drives a swell car. But—there's a "but" about Sylvia!



When Sylvia's dressed for dancing, her clothes are the grandest there! Paris has nothing on Sylvia! But the "but" about Sylvia spoils her good times.



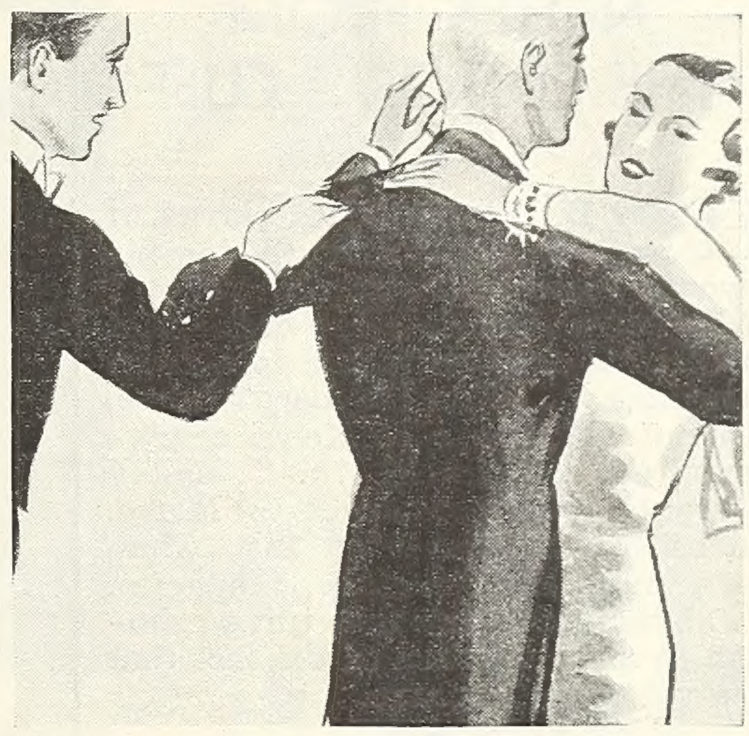
Men ask to meet Sylvia—and they ride in Sylvia's car. But when the drive's over, they disappear! For the "but" about Sylvia is her teeth.



Why doesn't somebody tell *Sylvia that tender gums—"pink tooth brush"—are often the cause of dingy, cloudy-looking teeth?*



Any dentist could tell Sylvia in half a minute how to correct "pink tooth brush." "Massage Ipana Tooth Paste into your gums," he'd say.



If Sylvia started with Ipana and massage—today—it wouldn't be long before she'd have brilliant, good-looking teeth! And plenty of men at her beck and call!

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

ARE your teeth dingy and ugly, like Sylvia's? Are your gums so tender that you often notice "pink" upon your tooth brush?

Maybe you, like Sylvia, should ask a *dentist* about "pink tooth brush"! He'll tell you soon enough that "pink tooth brush" not only may dull the teeth—but may be the first step toward gum troubles as tragic as gingivitis or Vincent's disease. He'll warn you that it may threaten even the soundest of your teeth!

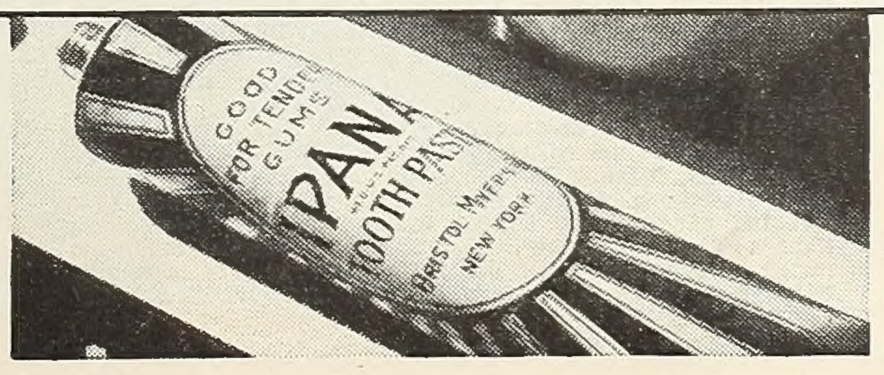
But cheer up! He'll go on to tell you that it is quite a simple matter to check "pink tooth brush"—and restore brightness to your teeth.

"Clean your teeth with Ipana," he will say. "Each time put a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and massage it lightly into your unhealthy gums. The ziratol in Ipana helps restore firmness to the gums."

Today's foods permit your gums to become flabby and tender because they are not coarse enough to *stimulate* your gums. But massage, with Ipana, will offset the effect of modern soft foods. You'll have healthy gums—attractively bright teeth.

THE "IPANA TROUBADOURS" ARE BACK! EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING . . . 9:00 P. M., E.S.T. WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

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Vol. 23
No. 4

HOLLYWOOD

ROSCOE FAWCETT
Editor

ARTHUR C. JANISCH
Assistant Editor

Contents for April, 1934



Rosemary Ames and Victor Jory take time out from work on **I Believed In You** *to tell a few old ones*

NOTES FROM THE EDITOR'S CUFF

●

HENRY B. WALTHALL has played in more than 600 films during his twenty years as a screen actor. . . . Will Rogers can do a tap dance that makes his tootsies talk a low-down language. . . . Ken Maynard's horse, Tarzan, is jealous of Ken's newly-acquired motorcycle. . . . Jimmy Durante, under contract to Metro, takes his gagman with him when he's under loan to other companies. . . . Frank Morgan's face turns crimson at mere mention of the fact that he was a boy soprano.

●

Josef von Sternberg directs Marlene Dietrich in German. . . . shed your tears for poor Russ Columbo, who has received hundreds of thousands of mash notes, yet never had a successful love affair . . . Alice White, who achieved fame as a blonde, is actually brown-headed. . . . Vince Barnett specializes in German and Hebrew rôles, although he's of Irish parentage. . . . as a youngster, ZaSu Pitts toiled in her mother's boarding house—and liked her work so well, she actually balked when the mater virtually ordered her to Hollywood to try for a movie career.

●

Mrs. Chester Morris handles all of her husband's business affairs, both professional and personal. . . . Charlie Farrell makes no secret of the fact that he used to mow the lawns of Hollywood homes to which he now rates honored guest invitations. . . . and Bruce Cabot is a former manager of Hollywood's fashionable Embassy Club.

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J. EUGENE CHRISMAN
Western Editor

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Virginia Lehmann, wife of a millionaire Chicago merchant, works as a movie extra for the sport of it

OF INTEREST TO ALL FANS

●

TOM MIX HAS merged his caravan circus with that of Sam B. Dill, and both he and Mrs. Mix will tour with the enlarged outfit this Summer. . . . John Boles continued to emote in a Fox picture despite a two-stitch cut in his lip, caused by hitting himself with a tennis racket. . . . Russell Hardie completed his doctor rôle in *Men in White*, then dashed to a hospital to have his appendix removed. . . . Joan Marsh has shed thirty pounds, and is staging a screen revival via Paramount's *Melody in Spring*.

●

Sol Lesser plans a remake of *Peck's Bad Boy* with Jackie Cooper in the top spot. . . . Thelma Todd and Dorothy Lee will be with Wheeler and Woolsey again in Radio's *Frat Heads* . . . Dance Director Le Roy Prinz twice contributed his blood when transfusions were found necessary to save Director Eddie Sutherland from death from pneumonia . . . Richard Travers, a hero of the old Essanay era, but long absent from the studios, is preparing to start over again. . . . Universal will elevate Onslow Stevens to stardom during the next month or so.

●

Lee Garmes, ace cameraman, has been given a directorial contract by Fox, with *Fledglings* as his first assignment. . . . Ken Maynard suffered a sun-stroke while flying from Chicago to St. Louis, lapsed into unconsciousness for twenty minutes, and came to in time to discover the plane he was piloting had lost only 300 feet.





PHOTOS BY REMIE LOHSE





LANNY ROSS

From the radio to the screen comes Lanny Ross, singing star of the Maxwell House Coffee Showboat Hour. For two years, one of the most popular performers on the air, his thrilling voice and charming personality will be heard and seen from now on in PARAMOUNT PICTURES.







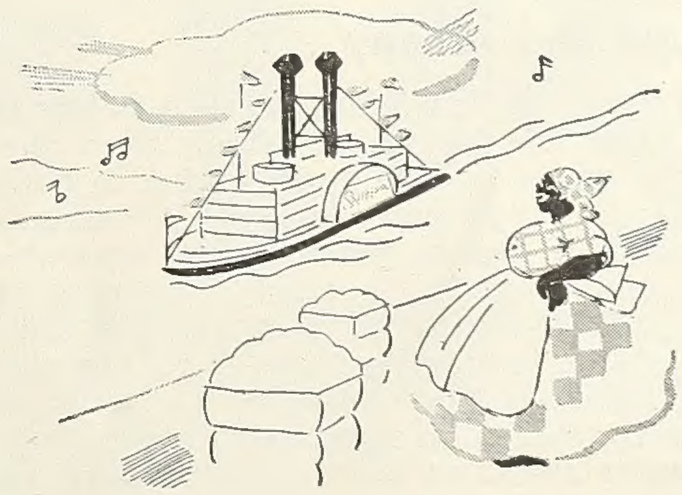


"MELODY IN SPRING"

with

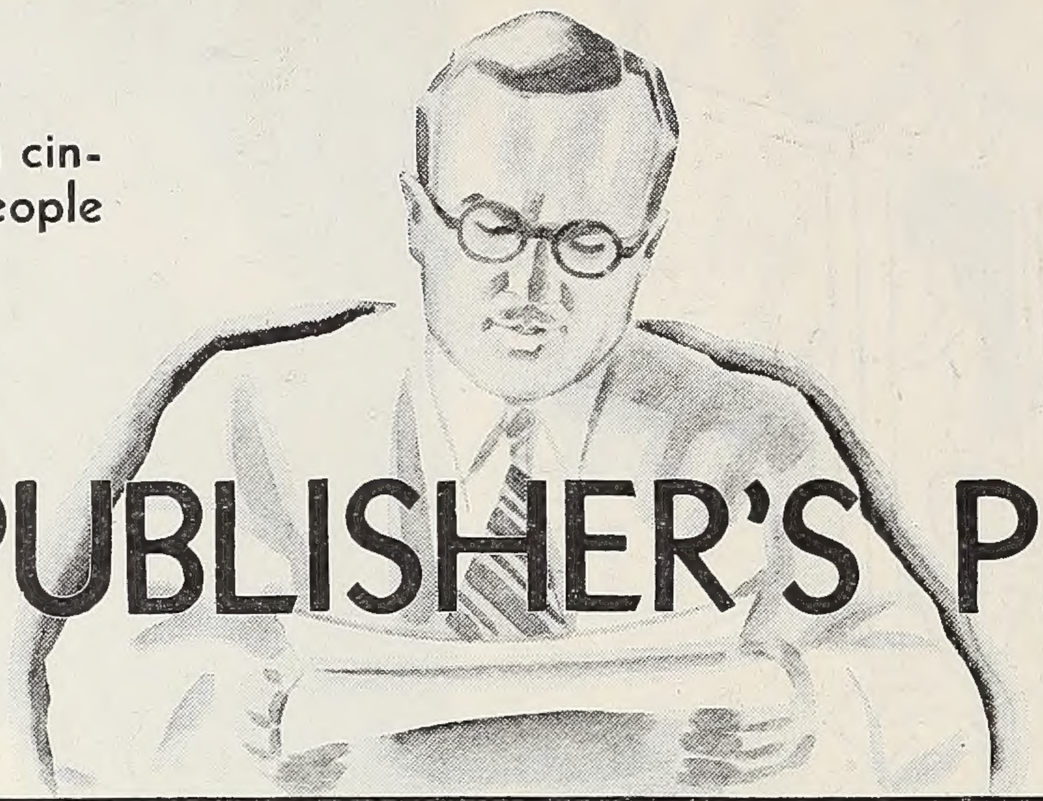
Charlie Ruggles
Mary Boland
Ann Sothern

Directed by Norman McLeod. A Paramount Picture..will introduce Lanny Ross to motion picture audiences



Pointed comment on cinema affairs and people

by
W. H. FAWCETT
Publisher of HOLLYWOOD Magazine



The PUBLISHER'S PAGE



Francis Lederer

Actor's Actor

That Glowing Young star Francis Lederer starts under the handicap of being an actor's actor. Screen girls swarm to his stage plays; they will swarm to see his pictures.

There is something peculiar in the fact that actors and writers and artists who are revered and adored by their own craft seldom have quite the same outstanding appeal to the public.

For instance, Herrimann, the creator of Krazy Kat, is studied and copied by artists all over the world; they recognize him as a master, but his comic strip, which is great irony and great art, never has had the appeal of many only a tenth as good.



Bing Crosby

Bear Facts

You've Heard Of the famous artist whose painting of cherries was so realistic that birds came to peck at the tempting fruit?

Well— An amusing sequence in *We're Not Dressing* concerns a bear and Bing Crosby. The bear chases Bing and will not desist until the crooner sings the one song it likes. A real bear is used in many of the scenes but in those in which bruin jumps on Bing an actor made up like a bear is employed.

One day on the set the actor playing the bear became paralyzed with fright when he came face to face with the real bear. He quickly regained his courage, however, for the real bear had become frightened and was scampering away as fast as it could.

An interesting fact has been uncovered concerning Garbo's private life. The world knows her as the great, silent, secret soul—but does not know that very often she seeks to relieve her depressing loneliness by visiting the neighborhood gas station for long chats with the college boy attendants.

We nominate Sally (Fan Dancer) Rand to replace Peter Arno as technical advisor for We're Not Dressing. *And perhaps, also, she can console Al Jolson, who bitterly complains that never in his many years on stage and screen has he had to wear blackface makeup as he does in* Wonder Bar. *He wears it all over his body!*



Gene Raymond

Orchids for Columbia

Columbia Pictures entered the movie producing field modestly. Occasionally a big name star was borrowed for a picture or two. Now the studio's production program offers more than twenty favorites. Many of them are under long-term contract; others will make one or more pictures.

Stars like John Barrymore, Carole Lombard, Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Elissa Landi and Gene Raymond will appear in films made by the studio that produced *Lady for a Day* and currently offers two great hits—*Let's Fall in Love* and *It Happened One Night.*

You can expect much from Columbia in the future.



Greta Garbo

The Good and the Bad

All Too Often we hear of the jealousies and rivalries of the stars and we wonder how they can stoop to such pettiness.

What we don't hear of enough is the generosity and bigness of the truly great stars. Greta Garbo's thoughtfulness in replacing Mary Carlisle's shabby costume with one that made Mary's bit in *Grand Hotel* stand out (Mary won a long-term contract as a result); Joan Crawford's all-night vigil with a dying script boy one Christmas Eve; John Barrymore's cancelling of personal picture plans to be ready if it were necessary to substitute for brother Lionel in another film when he became ill.

The golden deeds more than balance the score.

Too bad Claude Rains is such a splendid actor for he has deprived critics of an excellent gag. If he had not scored such a success they might say, in reviewing his next picture, "Claude Rains made his screen début in the title rôle of The Invisible Man *and we still can't see him."*

Jean Harlow recently spent several hours autographing books in a Hollywood department store. Probably the most satisfied customer that day was an elderly gentleman who was smiling happily as he left with Jean's signature over the first page of Genesis in a copy of the Bible he had purchased.



Lupe Velez

Lupe and Johnny

Perhaps If The Stars were to follow the dictates of the mind rather than the heart marriages would be more lasting in Hollywood.

Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller exploded a bomb when they separated, and though they were quickly reconciled their brief flare-up served to emphasize the uncertainty of unions between such opposite temperaments—Lupe, volatile, dynamic; Johnny, slow, almost phlegmatic. This separation is probably one of many awaiting this unusual pair. Contrary to popular theory, opposites generally should not marry.



Pert Kelton

Pert's Black Eye

Hollywood buzzed excitedly when Pert Kelton was seen sporting a beautiful black eye recently. She had just come from the set of *Sing and Like It* and was eating lunch on the lot when the word spread that somebody had hung a fist on her.

The studio publicity department chortled as the story attained nationwide circulation.

But the gossipers overlooked the fact *Pert had just come from the set*—and the shiner had been painted on for the picture! And she was trouper enough to oblige when press agents asked her to keep mum.

HEPBURN



Completely and daringly different from anything she has ever done.

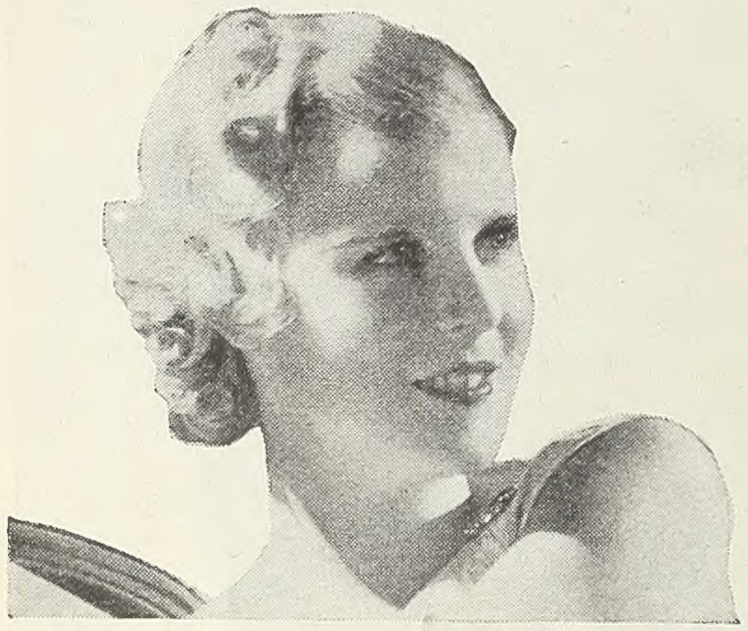
in

SPITFIRE

An RKO Radio Picture with Robert Young · Ralph Bellamy · Martha Sleeper
Directed by John Cromwell . . . From the Play by Lula Vollmer
A Pandro S. Berman Production Merian C. Cooper, Executive Producer

Faded Blonde Hair is Old Hair!

MAKE YOUR HAIR RADIANTLY *YOUTHFULLY* BEAUTIFUL WITH MARCHAND'S



EVEN if you are only 21. If your blonde hair has become faded or darkened—IT'S OLD LOOKING. It lacks the allure and fresh loveliness it should have—AND CAN HAVE!

Blondes! Keep your hair radiantly, ***youthfully,*** beautiful with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Pretty hair is your birthright. Enjoy all the admiration (and envy) it can bring you!

Marchand's will make your hair an even, lustrous shade that you'll like—one that's becoming to you. Try a single "secret" treatment to see for yourself. Marchand's works in a conservative REFINED way. You can control the effect—lightening hair just the tiniest shade. No one else need know—it will be your "secret." New hair growing in can be matched skillfully. Hair that has always been dark can also be beautified if lightened with Marchand's. Not a dye. Complete directions on bottle makes it simple to do yourself.

Make Dark Hair on Arms and Legs Unnoticeable With Marchand's

Have smooth, dainty arms. Wear the sheerest hose. Use Marchand's because it avoids the two great disadvantages of other methods. 1. It does not make the skin hard and stubbly. 2. It does not promote a coarse re-growth of hair. Marchand's is quick, inexpensive and effective.

IMPORTANT—For the right results, get the genuine. Be careful of substitutes or imitations. See that the label spells—MARCHAND'S.

Ask Your Druggist or Get by Mail

For a regular size bottle, fill in coupon, mail with 45c (coins, money order or stamps) to C. Marchand Co., 251 West 19th St., New York City.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

Dept. 1-A

Your Name _____

Address _____ City _____ State _____

Druggist's Name _____

Address _____

What's New on the Screen

The picture scout's monthly report in which he tells what is worth seeing among current screen offerings

Spitfire

● Break out a new batch of laurel leaves for the amazing Katharine Hepburn! In this vivid story of a mountain girl who is, by turn, a gentle faith healer and a flaming she-devil, Hepburn becomes a female Jekyll and Hyde and thereby wins this grateful reviewer's plaudits with another telling portrayal.

Adapted from Lulu Vollmer's successful stage play, the story reaches its climax when our heroine, accused of kidnaping a child whom she intends to heal, faces lynching at the hands of infuriated mountaineers. Heart-throb complications are supplied by Robert Young and Ralph Bellamy.

Able support from all concerned; but it's Hepburn's show and she makes the most of it.

His Double Life

● Once the leading emotional actress of the screen, Lillian Gish demonstrates that she has lost none of her powers in a comeback which will thrill the oldsters and give the young 'uns something to talk about. Roland Young, superb in a made-to-order part, gives Miss Gish strenuous competition—and the result is notable entertainment. As an artist with a publicity phobia, Young leads the life of a recluse. When his butler dies, Young permits the man to be buried as himself, assumes the servant's identity and marries Lillian Gish, the butler's matrimonial agency sweetheart. Then things begin to happen. A charming and diverting story superbly played.

Palooka

● Jimmy Durante and Stuart Erwin easily walk away with the decision in this laugh riot of the prize ring which will have you hanging on the ropes until the final bell. Durante as a fight promoter and Erwin as a dub leather-pusher who becomes a synthetic champion were never funnier. Lupe Velez accelerates the picture's tempo considerably and you'll probably never see Robert Armstrong, Marjorie Rambeau, Mary Carlisle and Thelma Todd in more effective supporting rôles. Excellent entertainment for everybody with the myriad laughs effectively leavened by a real comedy plot. See it!

Fashions of 1934

● When high-hat crooks, led by the suave and debonair William Powell, invade the Rue de la Paix and proceed to pirate the fashion creations of famous Parisian designers, the stage is set for an unusually clever piece of entertainment. As the master mind who introduces gang methods into the style salons, Powell is at his urbane best, with Bette Davis and Frank McHugh furnishing excellent support. There are dramatic thrills for the men of the family and superb costumes for the ladies, plus a generous admixture of comedy and unique dance routines which should please the most captious theatre-goer of either sex. A shade sophisticated for the youngsters.

Four Frightened People

● Bubonic plague furnishes the original scare for the *Four Frightened People.* Fleeing its menace, Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall, William Gargan and Mary Boland take to the depths of a Malaysian jungle where, menaced by savages and wild beasts, they proceed to reveal the natures civilization had disguised. Despite the fact that developments fail to arouse the spectator to any sustained emotional pitch, capable work by the principals and a series of thrilling minor climaxes contribute to an enjoyable evening. Leo Carrillo is outstanding in the rôle of the "near-white" native guide.

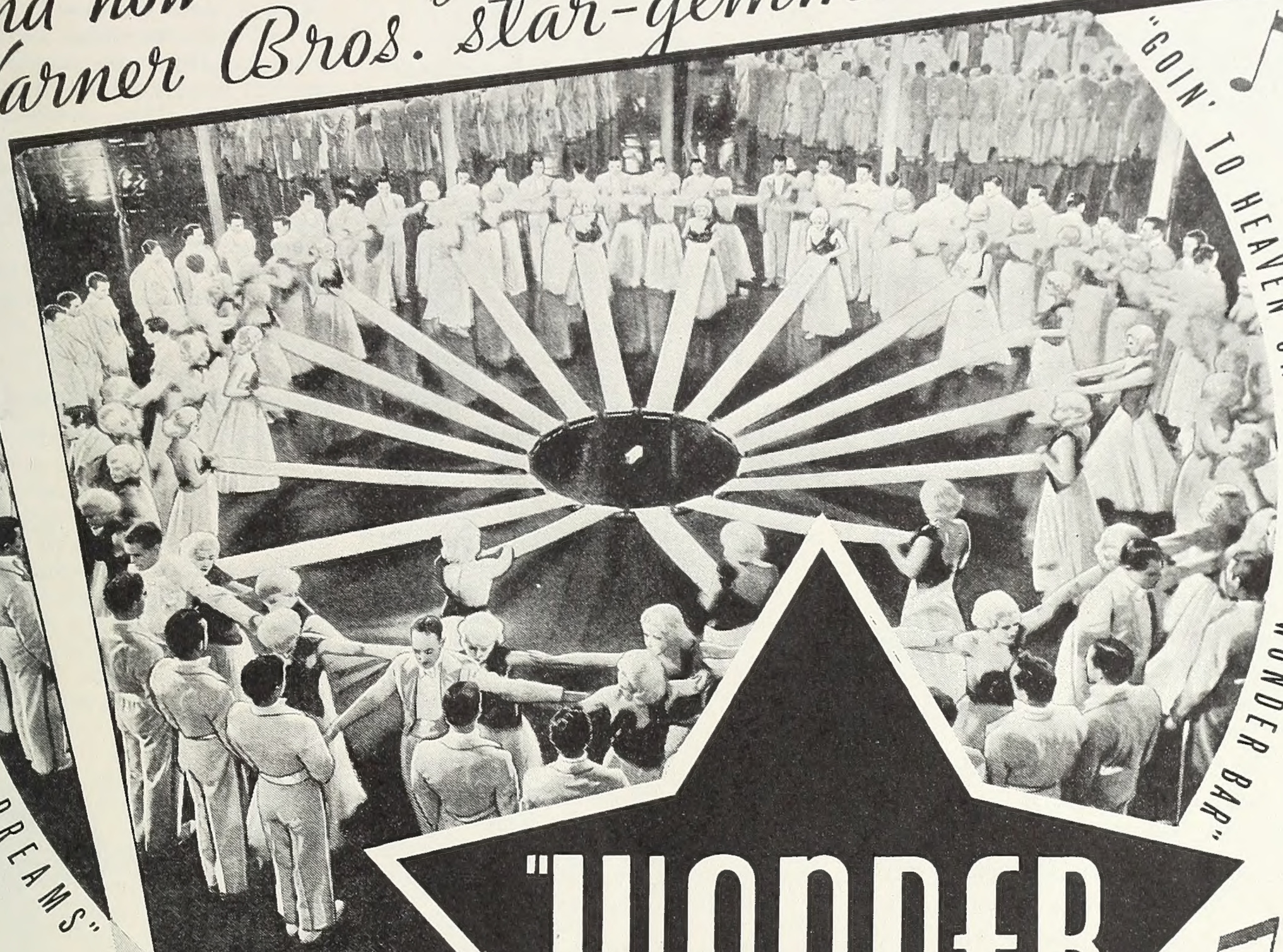
Strange Holiday

● Essence of fantasy, this distinctively different picture has been adapted from the successful stage play, *Death Takes a Holiday,* and

Please turn to page ten

HEAR—"DON'T SAY GOOD NIGHT"

And now—the greatest of all the great Warner Bros. star-gemmed musicals!



"GOIN' TO HEAVEN ON A MULE" • "WONDER BAR".

"WHY DO I DREAM THOSE DREAMS"

"VIVE LA FRANCE"

"WONDER BAR"

KAY FRANCIS

GUY KIBBEE

DICK POWELL

AL JOLSON

HAL LEROY

HUGH HERBERT

RICARDO CORTEZ

DOLORES DEL RIO

FIFI D'ORSAY

LAUGHTER! SONG!... DRAMA!... SPECTACLE!

A First National Picture

The most amazing show ever conceived—the one and only "Wonder Bar"! The producers of the screen's most glorious musicals now bring you the master performances of the world's master performers! 4 breath-taking spectacles staged by Busby Berkeley, creator of the sensational numbers of "Gold Diggers" and "Fashions of 1934" . . . 5 rousing song hits . . . and a thousand other thrills and surprises from the director of "42nd St." and "Footlight Parade"—Lloyd Bacon!

Here's the Perfume Mae West uses for that "come up 'n' see me sometime" lure



NOW *YOU* can use the identical scent which Mme. Gabilla of Paris blended for Mae West—loaded with lure—dripping with sex appeal. There's intrigue in every drop. It's charged with that "come up 'n see me sometime" personality. This isn't merely an endorsement, it is Mae West's actual perfume. ● Be the first in your crowd to use Parfum MaeWest—exquisite bottles at 65c—$1.00 to $25.00.



If your favorite store cannot supply you with Parfum Mae West you can order from us direct by using the convenient coupon and enclosing 65 cents in stamps for the dram size—$1.00 for the 1/4 oz. size.

As a special introductory offer we are sending you six intimate photographs of Mae West with your order

NRA

PARFUMS WESMAY, Inc.
19 West 18th Street, N.Y.C. ( ) 65c. size
Enclosed find money for ( ) 1.00 size
Name F-2
Address .....
City .....State .....
NOTE: This is not merely an endorsement —this is the personal perfume of Mae West.

What's New on the Screen

Continued from page eight

translated literally upon the screen. The story brings Death to earth in the form of a mortal and gives him three days to discover why the world fears him so. Then Death, played by Fredric March, falls in love and—but suppose you guess what happens next. Weird, fantastic, with even a trace of hokum, *Strange Holiday* is nevertheless entertaining drama, accentuated by the workmanlike jobs of Fredric March, Evelyn Venable, Sir Guy Standing and Henry Travers.

Let's Fall in Love

● Based upon the somewhat familiar formula of the star who walks out on the show and is replaced by a newcomer who scores an immediate hit, this picture is nevertheless better than average entertainment. Gregory Ratoff walks away with the honors as a Hollywood picture producer, but pressing him closely is Ann Sothern (formerly Harriet Lake) who is impressive in one of her first major rôles. Splendid photography and direction, with excellent contributions by Miriam Jordan, Edmund Lowe, Tala Birell and Arthur Jarrett.

Legong

● Since movie cameramen first discovered the exotic island of Bali, the rare beauties of this Pacific paradise have been periodically exhibited to American stay-at-homes. The Marquis de la Falaise, Constance Bennett's husband, has gone his predecessors one better—he presents the fairy isle, for the first time, in all its natural colors. The story is slender, dealing with the love of a musician for a temple dancer and its tragic aftermath. Intimate closeups of quaint ceremonial practices and enchanting vistas of scenic beauty feature this South Pacific novelty picture.

You Can't Buy Everything

● That grand old trouper, May Robson, creates another unforgettable character in this dramatic story based upon the life of the late Hetty Green. As "Old Hannibal," a woman embittered by a broken love affair who devotes her life to the amassing of a great fortune, Miss Robson gives a telling performance. When her son, grown to manhood, falls in love with the daughter of the man she once loved, Old Hannibal wrecks the man's bank in one of her famous financial coups during the panic of 1907. The eventual reconciliation furnishes a gripping climax. Excellent performances by Lewis Stone and Mary Forbes, with Jean Parker as the daughter and William Bakewell as the son acquitting themselves capably.

Hips Hips Hooray

● Beyond doubt this is the most hilarious piece of foolery that Wheeler and Woolsey have made. It's grand entertainment for every comedy fan from the moment the twin comics begin romping through a series of beauty shop complications until they are engaged in a madcap cross-country race. They're aided every step of the way by Thelma Todd and Dorothy Lee in an excellent production generously adorned with pretty girls and crammed with laughs of the better sort. You won't go wrong on this one.

Once to Every Woman

● Those of us who have long suspected that life in a big city hospital isn't all hypodermics and sutures will find our convictions upheld in this twenty-four hour cross-section of the medical and nursing fraternities. The big scene—and it'll grip you—reveals Walter Connolly, head surgeon, breaking down at the critical point in a delicate brain operation. Competently cast, with Fay Wray and



Pert Kelton*—The Meanest Girl in Town —*and Jimmy Gleason, in the talkie of that title. The title is entirely complimentary to Pert for she has all the men in town at her feet

Ralph Bellamy furnishing the romantic note and Walter Byron, Mary Carlisle, Ben Alexander and J. Farrell MacDonald contributing good work.

Coming Out Party

● Rich girl Frances Dee, neglected by her parents, falls in love with Gene Raymond, a penniless musician. Just about the time she is to make her social début and Gene gets his big chance—an opportunity to make a concert tour in Europe — Frances discovers that there's a blessed event in the offing which hasn't been sanctioned by the clergy. She refuses to spoil Gene's chances by telling him and complications develop quickly. The picture is a personal triumph for Miss Dee, with a well balanced cast including Gene Raymond, Alison Skipworth, Nigel Bruce and Gilbert Emery contributing nicely drawn performances.

Easy to Love

● And likewise easy on the disposition is this light, romantic comedy with its crisp dialogue and breezy, farcical development. Adolphe Menjou and Genevieve Tobin are pictured as a middle-aged married couple with an engaged daughter. Mary Astor and Edward Everett Horton, supposedly sweethearts, are friends of the family. But it develops that Menjou favors Miss Astor's company and Horton has a yen for Miss Tobin. Daughter Patricia Ellis and her fiancé, Paul Kaye, proceed to straighten their elders around in a highly amusing climax. Recommended for sophisticates.

Fog

● A fleeing millionaire, a conniving fortune teller, a long lost son, an unscrupulous physician and sundry other human oddities find themselves aboard a mist-shrouded ocean liner. Tragedy strikes when the millionaire's body is found hanging in the rigging. There's a shipboard third degree which includes the raising of the dead man's ghost—and there you have *Fog*, a mystery thriller which neither thrills nor mystifies to any great degree. Mary Brian, Donald Cook, Reginald Denny, Robert McWade, Maude Eburne and a number of others do well the things they are given to do; but one has the suspicion that the story department was lost in fog before production started.

Mandalay

● Kay Francis fans may like this one although choice of the svelte and sophisticated Miss Francis as a Far East adventuress is not a piece of ideal casting. Seeking escape from an

Please turn to page sixty-three



Unusual Portraits

Exquisite new studies of favorite stars



CAROLE LOMBARD and GEORGE RAFT

—bring a new significance to romance in *Bolero*, interesting features of which will be their dancing of the *Raftero*, a dance named in George's honor, and the *Bolero*

—Eugene Robert Richee

ROCHELLE HUDSON

—one of the loveliest of the lovelies, whose charm graces *Mr. Skitch*, and who also adds to the attractiveness of *Harold Teen*, *Coming Out Party* and *Palooka*

—Anthony Ugrin













PROUD OF HIS MOTHER NOW

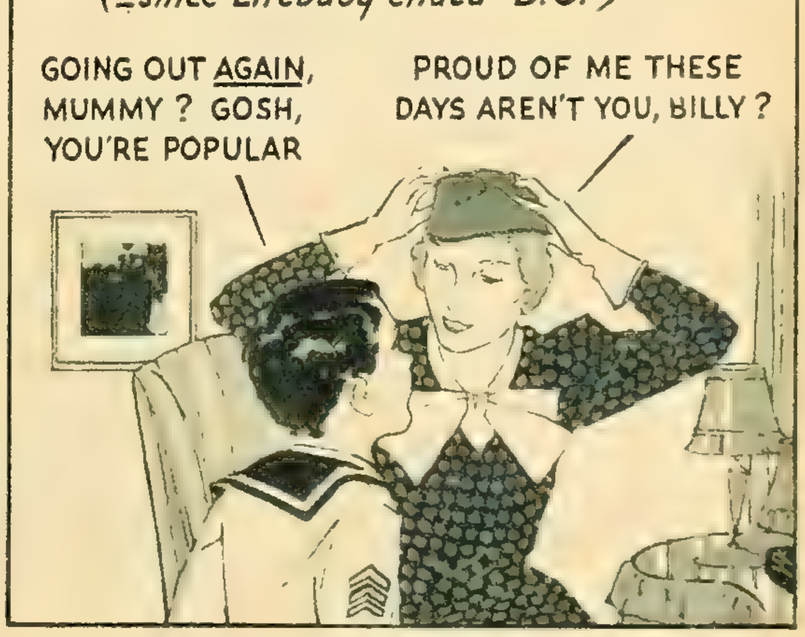


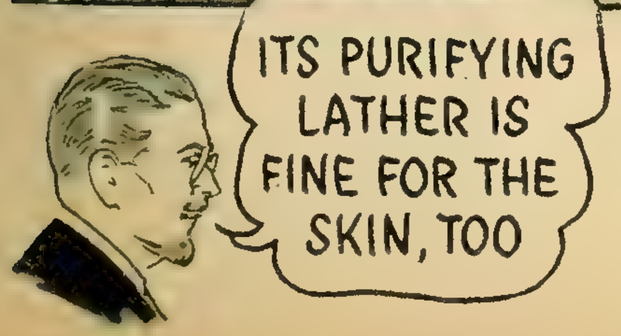




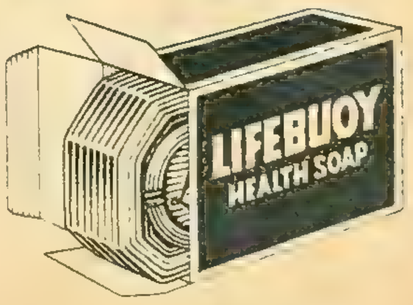
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(—since Lifebuoy ended "B.O.")





ITS quickly-vanishing, hygienic scent tells you Lifebuoy lather is *extra cleansing*. Rich, creamy, penetrating, it purifies face pores and body pores alike. Clears and freshens dull, sallow skins to glowing health. Stops "B.O." (*body odor*). Warm spring days, watch out! For even on cool days we perspire at least a quart. Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its *deodorizing* lather, abundant in hot or cold water, hard or soft, gives real "B.O." protection.



OTTO KRUGER

—who rapidly is taking his place as one of the leading favorites of the screen. His current pictures include *Gallant Lady* with Ann Harding, *The Women in His Life* and *Men in White*

—Grimes

MARGARET LINDSAY

—would like to be a film vamp but her magnetic personality is given to more lovable roles. She recently completed *Merry Wives of Reno* and is now filming *The Gentleman from San Francisco* with Lyle Talbot and Bette Davis

—Elmer Fryer

It's a breach of fashion . . .

if your hair hasn't a spring outfit, too!



Miss Margaret C. Whitney of Garden City, L. I., says: *"Why should summer only be permanent waving time? I want my hair looking its best the year round—and I keep it so by getting a Eugene permanent two or three times a year."*

Fashion is busily showing new things for Spring—frocks, coats and hats with many clever new touches. But Fashion has one stern rule: Whatever the style of your Spring costuming, your hair *must* be in wave. Straight hair is *conspicuously* out of place.

That means you need your Eugene Permanent Wave *now*. If you wait for "later," as you may have planned, you miss months of smartness, beauty and convenience. Instead, follow those knowing women here and abroad...

Go at once to a hairdresser who does *genuine* Eugene Waving, and get a genuine Eugene Permanent Wave. Enjoy its comfort and loveliness all through Spring and Summer; then when your new hair grows in, a few months from now, have this new straight hair permanently waved, too!

Hairdressers who feature the Eugene Method can keep your hair permanently beautiful with undulating waves, flattering ringlets and cunning clusters of indestructible curls...just as you desire. They give you these results by using genuine Eugene Sachets —approved by Good Housekeeping and identified, for your protection, by the Eugene trademark, the famous "Goddess of the Wave."

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(YOU CAN PASTE THIS ON A PENNY POST CARD)

PEGGY SHANNON

—an Irish colleen who continually adds to her great legion of fans. This winsome lass will be seen soon in Columbia's *Fury of the Jungle*

MARIAN NIXON

—absent from the screen entirely too long in the opinion of countless fans, returns to play opposite William Gargan in Columbia's *The Line Up.*

—Schafer

SYLVIA SIDNEY

—seems destined to achieve greater fame than ever. Her current screen hits are *Good Dame* with Jack LaRue and *Thirty Day Princess* with Cary Grant

—Wm. E. Thomas

You Don't Know Bill Gargan!



The smiling Irishman who has won his way into the hearts of a million fans. You will see him again in Columbia's **The Line Up**

Unless, of course, you've had a heart-to-heart talk with Mrs. Bill

by CLARK WARREN

There Are Six men in Hollywood who carry badges of great distinction. They are wearing ties given to them by William Gargan!

That doesn't sound at all exciting or distinctive perhaps but then, you don't know Bill Gargan. Giving neckties is Bill's method of showing extreme regard and appreciation. They constitute his greatest mania and it is as much as cutting off an arm for him to give one of them away.

Bill will wear one tie day in and day out for months until he just has to throw it in the ash can. But in his closet hang over five hundred of them in every conceivable pattern and material. Almost every night he will take them out and go over them lovingly; and he talks about them with the same fiery ardor that a dog fancier talks about his kennels. He wears but a very small percentage of them—but he keeps on collecting them.

It is just one of the many odd traits in William Gargan's colorful character. He won't tell you about them himself, but his wife will. And who should know more about them?

"His secret vice is cookies," Mary Gargan confided to me one day when Bill wasn't there to protest—he was off working in Columbia's *The Line Up*. "He can eat pastries and sweets at any hour and under any conditions—but cookies will yet be his down-fall.

"I generally buy a pound can of cookies for the children, and quite often they turn up missing before the children have had a chance at them. I always find the empty can under Bill's bed. He loves to get into bed and read, with tons of cookies within reach."

Bill and Mary are typically Irish, both with a sense of humor redolent of the Ould Sod. Yet both of them were born and raised in Brooklyn, New York, and have been out of the United States only once—on a location trip.

Bill had previously detailed the struggles and experiences of his life for me, but it was really Mary who filled in the gaps, telling tales out of school on Bill's little idiosyncrasies.

On July 17, 1905, William Gargan let out his first howl in Brooklyn, New York. Outside of being born he caused no further ripples of excitement until he began winning medals for elocution in St. James high school in Brooklyn, where he played leads in the school plays. It was during his school days that he met a girl named Patricia Kenny at a friend's house. Patricia had really been christened Mary Elizabeth, so Bill decided to be a little different and called her Mary. He also decided that she was the girl he was going to marry—and she had no objections to the idea.

They were going together when Bill got his first job. He had told me that he worked one day as a soda jerker when he was sixteen years old, and that he earned three dollars for the day's work, but it was Mary who revealed the rest of the tale.

"The store where Bill was to work was miles from his home," she said. "Being afraid that he would be late for work in the morning and late for dinner at home in the evening, he took a taxi both ways. His salary for the day

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Katharine Hepburn's director, George Cukor, reveals the real Hepburn to confound her critics and delight her fans

by
RUTH BIERY

Is Success

"KATHARINE HEPBURN pays everyone the compliment of being a human being. Wouldn't you rather be that than included in a general, big smile? If she likes you, she likes you for yourself; not for what you are. She is not a ham—in any way."

These words of description of the most-talked-of woman in pictures come from director George Cukor who supervised her work in *Bill of Divorcement* and *Little Women.* There is no doubt that he knows her better than anyone in Hollywood.

It is strange that we, who write about Hollywood, do not seek more often those who direct our great actresses and actors. For as they are on the set, so are they in person.

Katharine Hepburn, for example. During the making of *Little Women,* she was on the set at nine o'clock each morning; she did not leave until six-thirty each evening. She ate lunch with her director. For nine weeks, she actually lived *not* at home, *not* with personal friends, *not* with a family, as you and I know the meaning of that word. She ate one meal a day in her canyon house; as soon as it was finished, she tumbled into bed. Her time at home was spent in sleep—physical *oblivion.*

All that was the real Katharine Hepburn was exposed constantly to her working family. Good temper; bad temper; happiness; sorrow; ambition; love. Whatever emotions she has—whatever virtues and faults—were *lived* upon that little set of which George Cukor was absolute monarch. When they had completed two pictures together, these two knew each other as few humans. Their innermost selves lay naked upon the consciousness of each other.

No star and director can complete a picture without feeling one of two definite sensations for each other. Hatred or admiration. Contempt or respect. They may cover the truth from the rest of the world; they cannot camouflage to one another.

● It was the day after *Little Women* was previewed. I was lunching with Katharine.

"It is a great picture!" she said. A statement of fact made as impartially as though she had had no part in it. "It is great because George Cukor is great. I want him to direct my other pictures. I do not want anyone else to direct me. It must be arranged. A picture is no greater than its director!"

For a star to admit this—to grant that her own success is due to the man who supervises her—was Hollywood news in capital letters. Human beings are apt to hug credit unto their own bosoms. But for Katharine Hepburn to say it about George Cukor was a headline for an "extra" edition. The rumors of their battles had been grapevined from the set to each one of us.

"I'll bet Hepburn gets down on her knees each night and prays in gratitude that Cukor has not killed her" was one statement made by studio workers.

The set was barred—not a visitor allowed upon it—as though Garbo were working there. But not for the same reason. Garbo is honestly camera-shy. Hepburn is completely camera-unconscious. "She is completely relaxed before a camera. It wouldn't make any difference who was watching—" George Cukor's testimony.

Yet the set was barred. "Because visitors might misunderstand!" The director's eyes twinkled as he made the admission.

Might misunderstand the fights; the screechings and wailings and often-time violent actions. Might misunderstand Cukor's "Shut up!" in the middle of one of Katy's tirades at doing a scene as he saw it. Or her answer of "Oh, come and do it, yourself." Must most assuredly misunderstand the hysterics.

Yes, hysterics. She had cried for three days. "And she cries, too!" Cukor is emphatic. "None of that hokum-pokum. No menthol. She's never a ham." Of course, it was Beth's death scene. Katharine, herself, told me about it.

"After three days, it didn't seem as though Frances (Frances Dee) and I could have another tear. And then George comes along and says, 'You can't let me down, now, girls.' He was so pathetic. We cried harder than ever. And when it was over—that last time, after dark on the third day, we laughed. We screeched. We screamed—"

And if a visitor had been on the set at that moment, he would have called them insane. And believed it.

● The day that she was to carry Jean Parker down the stairs. Katharine had not been too well. She had just returned from a visit to her home in Hartford, Connecticut. Her father is a well-known physician. He had told her not to carry anything heavy.

"My daddy told me not to carry anything heavy!"

"Then don't do it!"

"Let me try!"

George Cukor *knew* this woman. Her soul already lay naked before him. He told her *not* to do what daddy had said—and she did it.

But supposing a visitor had not seen this original situation and had dropped onto the set to hear Cukor bellow: "I suppose daddy told you to forget your lines, too!" Or "I suppose daddy told you you mustn't slide down the banister!" Banister-sliding is one of the most difficult "acts" in making a picture. Hepburn had hesitated. But that sarcasm on the part of the director—you saw the perfect, naturally-awkward slide that she makes in the picture.

Each day was crammed with incidents like these. That set was a mad-house, one moment; a circus carnival, the next. Little Jean Parker told me that to be allowed to work on a picture with Hepburn and Cukor was a thrill so great that no girl could ask for more. "If I can only have the chance, again," she cried.

And when it was over—that madness—and the picture, which is perhaps the biggest money-maker of all time, was completed, Katharine Hepburn was giving Cukor full credit. Emily, the hair-dresser, was crying because it was ended; and Mel Burns, the make-up man was writing a letter, trying to express his appreciation of working with them; and Ernie Bachrach, the photographer, was mourning its finish as though all pictures had ended. The circus *had* ended and those who had had box-seats were heart-broken because they were afraid they would never again have so much fun or feel so deeply-moved by a performance.

And the assistant something-or-other was trying to believe what was happening to him. He had always had the

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RUINING HEPBURN?



"Katharine Hepburn must be judged by what you see on the screen," says her director, George Cukor. "She is not a 'ham' or an exhibitionist. She has no phoney kind of democracy. When she smiles at you, the smile is for you—a human being"

PEG RUNS AWAY!



The lowdown on Margaret Sullavan's strange disappearance

by JERRY LANE

MARGARET SULLAVAN despises with all the intensity of her warm young nature that spotlight of publicity continually searching—searching. It is a fierce dragon's eye to Margaret. Already it has ferreted out her "secret" marriage with Henry Fonda and clamped on it as a juicy titbit. Even though that was a romantic misadventure long since ended.

So Margaret Sullavan ran away! The screen's latest skyrocketing sensation wanted to escape.

At the Air Terminal I collided with her just as she was hurrying toward an east-bound 'plane. Her hair was flying. She wore what has become a regulation costume with her—those faded corduroy pants, an old suede jacket and tennis shoes. There was not a single trace of make-up on her shiny clean little face.

"I've got to go, Jerry," she gasped. "*Got to,* y'understand? I saw three interviewers in a row—and all they wanted to know was about that marriage. I told 'em no, no, NO, I wasn't married! . . . I'm running away. I love California. But I hate Hollywood. G'bye!"

If things had been different in Chicago it's hard to tell what Peg Sullavan would have done next. As it was—she sat three hours in the waiting room after they landed! Because tennis shoes are not the best things to wade through slush, and the skies were gray and the wind roared along Lake Michigan. She had forgotten to wire her friends that she was coming so they were out when she telephoned.

● It was a subdued Sullavan who curled up on the bench and remembered the feel of warm sunshine. She looked in her purse. Ten dollars left. You couldn't get very far on that. The pilot was gone who could have identified her. How was she going to get a check cashed? The ticket seller hadn't the faintest idea.

"I'm Margaret Sullavan of the Universal studios. In motion pictures in Hollywood, you know. . . ."

No, he didn't know. And looking at her un-rouged lips and at those pants he smiled skeptically. "Got anything to prove who you are?"

Margaret thought a moment. Then she noticed the movie magazines at a nearby stand.

"That's me, the girl in the ermine coat there," she explained, opening one of them and pointing to an article about herself.

The ticket seller scratched his head.

"Well, you do look a bit alike. But no girl who could afford an ermine coat would go around looking like you do. You're no movie star!"

And he wondered why Peg collapsed on a chair, helpless with laughter.

It was a grand pay-off for a girl who had run away from the tinsel of Hollywood!

But the next day she reported back to the studio. An official of the airplane company had identified her and she'd taken the next transport ship headed west. Thirty-eight

Please turn to page fifty-four



Lovely Dolores Del Rio brings fresh laurels to her fame through her incomparable work



Guy Kibbee, Fifi Dorsay, Merna Kennedy and Hugh Herbert supply comedy



Al Jolson again dons blackface for his rôle in Wonder Bar. *Other featured players include Kay Francis, Dolores Del Rio, Ricardo Cortez and Dick Powell*

A hint of what you may expect in the spectacular picturization of the colorful extravaganza, "Wonder Bar"

A PREVIEW OF FIRST SCENES FROM WONDER BAR



The WOMEN

by Bing Crosby

Crosby fan clubs all over the country. I cannot continue without first paying tribute to these loyal fans.

● First let me tell you of my mother. She is Irish, with all the poetry and mysticism of her people. Her maiden name was Harrigan. She is a woman of deep sympathy and great understanding. Despite the many problems incident to raising a family of seven on a small income, she always had time to instil her children with the simple virtues of life which formed her creed. She is a natural musician, played the piano beautifully and sang in a sweet voice which I will never forget.

My father is a musician, too. He sang and played the guitar and our house was always filled with music.

Mother was quick to recognize my potential talents. As far back as I can remember she encouraged me to take up a professional career. She spent much of her time, as I grew older, in placing me in amateur theatrical productions, having me sing at church socials and letting me get experience in appearing before an audience. More than once she took money from her slender store of savings to buy me a new suit in order that I might make a good appearance on the amateur stage.

I was born in Tacoma, Washington, but we moved to Spokane when I was still quite young. I grew up in Spokane and it was there that I began to fancy myself as an actor. I didn't like to work, still don't; but I got a job as prop boy in a Spokane theatre just to be near the stage. I heard Al Jolson for the first time there and for weeks I entertained the family with imitations of Al's mammy songs. Later I organized a six piece band and played for local entertainments and dances but I got the idea that I wanted to be a lawyer so I enrolled in the law course at Gonzaga College. That suited my father first rate; but Mother wasn't so enthusiastic. She wanted me to go on the stage and eventually she got her wish. I had but six months to go to take my bar exam when I announced my intention of leaving school and following her advice.

A chap named Al Rinker and I decided to go to Los Angeles. Al had a sister there, Mildred Bailey, who was in the show business; we thought that she might help us get started. Father raised the dickens. He insisted that I stay and finish my law course and that is where mother, bless her, did a big thing for me. She talked father out of it and furnished Al and me the money to buy a second

THE WOMEN IN MY life? That's a large order, for as Jimmy Durante would say, I got a million of 'em, a million of 'em! That sounds like boasting but it isn't—at least not when I admit that most of those millions are my fans—women who have heard me on the radio or seen me on the screen. A few are personal friends, more of them casual acquaintances; but out of those millions four women have had a direct influence on my life and my career.

I'd much rather sing you a song . . . bo-boo-boo-boo than to write a story but since HOLLYWOOD Magazine has asked me to do it, here goes. But I warn you beforehand that there will be no literary flourishes, just the plain, unvarnished facts.

Somebody has said that if you look back along the road which any successful man has traveled, you will find one or more great women who left the marks of their influence upon his career. That is certainly true in my case. At each critical point in my career, one of four women has been at hand ready to inspire and help me.

The first, of course, was my mother—God bless her! The next was Mildred Bailey, now known on the air as *The Rocking Chair Lady*. The third was Elsie Janis and last, but far from least, is Dixie, my wife. Of these four, my mother and Dixie played the greatest parts in shaping my career. Mother saved me from being a lawyer and Dixie saved me from being a bum.

A smaller but highly important part has also been played by those who have written me the thousands of inspiring and encouraging fan letters that I have received during the past few years and those who have organized Bing

A million feminine hearts beat faster when Bing Crosby sings, but there have

IN MY LIFE

hand Ford in which we started for California.

● We arrived in Los Angeles, broke and hungry, but Mildred Bailey took us in, fed us and gave us a room. She immediately assured me that I had talent and spent hours teaching both of us some of the tricks of the profession. It was she who gave us our professional start by taking us to Mike Lyman, brother of Abe, at the Tent Cafe in Los Angeles. Mike listened to us and gave us a job at $65.00 a week for the two of us.

I shall never forget the things that Mildred Bailey did for me. For a long time I despaired of ever getting anywhere but she wouldn't let me get discouraged. She kept me plugging, teaching me new things until at last Fanchon and Marco gave us a break. For a while we sang in theatres until we attracted the attention of Paul Whiteman. He gave us an audition and we clicked. Whiteman offered each of us $200 a week, and we were on the way. Yet without the inspiring counsel of Mildred Bailey I should have given up and gone back to Spokane to finish my law course and become an attorney in some small town.

Elsie Janis was the next woman who was a definite factor in my life. I met her at Paul Whiteman's house one night and she raved about my voice. Elsie was a big vaudeville headliner at the time and her praise did much to build my confidence.

"You've got it, Bing," she used to say, "and no matter what happens or how hard the going gets, stick with it and you'll be on top some day!"

I saw a great deal of Elsie while we were in New York. There was nothing romantic about it but she was a tonic influence and she, too, taught me tricks of the trade. A great woman and a grand woman, Elsie Janis, and it would be hard for me to put down on paper the things she did to my self-confidence and my self-respect.

● Then came Dixie Lee. Up to this time, girls had never played much of a part in my life. I'd gone out with a few, of course, but it didn't mean anything. Then I saw Dixie. A friend arranged a meeting and I went down for the count. I started giving her a big rush. She liked me, too; but we had a positive talent for quarreling. Frequently she would swear she never wanted to see me again; then I'd go on the air and sing *Just One More Chance* and believe me I put *feeling* into that song. I meant it. I guess I was pretty much of a "bum" in those days. I drank more than was good for me and although I made good money it didn't stick with me.



"If it hadn't been for Dixie, I'd still be a 'bum,'" says Bing Crosby in speaking of the love of his charming wife, Dixie Lee

We'd fight again and I'd sing *I Surrender Dear* to her over the air and I meant *that, too.* I finally got to be too much for her and we were married in 1930.

But that didn't end the quarreling. Dixie had been a successful actress in her own right. She had certain ideas of her own. I had been accustomed to having my own way and doing what I pleased. I couldn't get used to the idea of living with someone who restricted me and made demands on my time. I suppose she went home to mother at least seven times during the first year of marriage but it wasn't serious. You see, we loved each other.

But at last the showdown came. She went home and I knew that this time she meant it. I began to take stock of

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been only four women who have guided his destiny and ruled his heart!

HOT FROM HOLLYWOOD . . .

Foreign Affairs

CARL LAEMMLE, JR., is doing Europe after four strenuous years as general manager of production for Universal. . . . It required the antics of our own harp-playing Harpo Marx, appearing in a Moscow music hall, to draw laughter from Litvinoff, Russia's frozen-faced foreign commissar. . . . Paul Muni and his Mrs. are off on a world tour, with Russia, Italy and France among scheduled stop-overs. . . . Boris Karloff will beat it back to London for another visit with the home folks when he completes *A Trip to Mars* for Universal.

National

IRENE DUNNE, in Hollywood, and her hubby, Dr. Francis Griffin, in New York, indulge in trans-continental bridge games via daily letters and phone calls . . . sometimes it takes a month to complete a rubber . . . but their system has its advantages, in that there are no post-mortems . . . Director John Stahl is scouring the land for a young girl of negro blood, yet absolutely white of complexion, for the lead in *Imitation of Life* . . . which means a new screen face . . . and Lil Tashman and Edmund Lowe still hope to do a Broadway stage play together if their studio schedules ever permit them to get away at the same time.

Romances

PHILLIPS HOLMES has returned from England without marrying Grantland Rice's gal, Florence, although it was thought the marriage would occur there . . . Blanche Sweet admits she's very, very much in love with Alton Rinker, composer and member of George Olsen's orchestra. . . . It's all over between Mary McCormick and Harry Bannister, Ann Harding's former mate . . . but it looks like wedding bells for Marian Nixon and Gene Raymond.

Marriages

JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT and Marie McKay have been spliced for two years, but Hollywood is just finding it out. . . . Janet Reade McCormick, who divorced Colleen Moore's ex-husband after two weeks of honeymooning, is trying it again, this time with Stephen Goosson, Columbia's art director, as her bridegroom. . . . Danny O'Shea and Mary Carter took the vows out in Salt Lake City. . . . Director Victor Fleming and Lucille Rosson kept their Yuma marriage a secret for two months, but when it did leak out Cameraman Paul Lockwood sued Victor for $150,000, charging Fleming wooed Mrs. Lockwood away from him, then deserted her.

Please turn to page twenty-six

WITH THE

by HAL. E. WOOD



—*Russell Ball*

Write your own caption for this lovely picture—we'll hint that she is in* Hollywood Party, *among other Metro pictures and — well, what romantic swain wouldn't like to escort her to any party!

A sparkling résumé of the month's events in Filmland and doings of the stars

They're Eating Again!

IF YOU'RE INCLUDED among the millions of damsels who have been toying with death via the starvation route in the race to keep abreast of cinema modes, dash out this very minute and order yourself a nice thick steak, some potatoes au gratin and a pair of cream puffs, for curves are coming back into vogue—and with a bang!

Pile the blame where you will — some insist it's the Mae West influence; others lay it to Roosevelt's New Deal — but the high-salaried ladies of the screen have tossed their diet sheets into the old waste-basket. Where it used to mean an outlay of only a few cents when the boy friend took his heart-throb to dine, the current check for the average beauty's meal resembles Lil Tashman's monthly statement from her modiste.

Connie Joins the Parade

CONSTANCE BENNETT has been battling for two months to add twelve pounds, and her newest gowns have puffs at the sides to provide for the pair of hips she hopes to develop.

Claudette Colbert spent two weeks in Death Valley, feasting and loafing, in a desperate effort to put on fifteen pounds, and when the scales revealed a gain of only forty-eight ounces, she hied herself to the Yosemite for another try.

Carole Lombard is drinking chocolate malted milks by the quart and eating whipped cream by the pound in an attempt to swell her waistline.

Marian Nixon drinks several tumblers of half cream, half gingerale daily as she prays for more avoirdupois.

Squire Gable Collects

IF WINNING STARTS count for anything, then success is assured Clark Gable's recently-acquired racing stable.

Beverly Hills, two-year-old star of the Gable string, made her first race a victorious one when she covered the two furlongs at Agua Caliente in 23 4-5, and romped home three lengths ahead of Katie Belle, leaving Hope Loring to show.

Clark has adopted green and white —Madge Evans' suggestion — as his colors.

HOLLYWOOD

NEWS SLEUTH

When In Rome—

CLARK GABLE is studying up on derby etiquette in preparation for his initial glimpse at Louisville's annual classic in May.

Clark, you see, has two reasons for wanting to be letter perfect in his deportment when he occupies a seat in the Governor's box at the big race. First, he's now a stable owner in his own right. Second, and even more important, is the fact that he's a full-fledged Kentucky colonel.

The actor will witness the event as the guest of Gov. Ruby Laffoon, who signed his commission.

Cupid Stalks Greta

EVER-WATCHFUL Hollywood is convinced that Greta Garbo and Rouben Mamoulian are altar-bound.

The Swedish star, her heart beating time to the melody of her first real love affair since the collapse of her early romance with John Gilbert, has cast aside the veil of mystery that has shrouded her movements in recent years, and is finding a new thrill in stepping out with Mamoulian, who provided her with such able direction in *Queen Christina.* Squired by Rouben, she is now to be seen at the theatres and in the night clubs.

Their motor jaunt to the Grand Canyon, when they aroused the ire of Arizona authorities by their failure to halt for inspection of their car at the California-Arizona line, is but one of many such week-end outings they have enjoyed together.

When Mamoulian set out to acquire a new home for himself, he refused to sign the lease until Greta had inspected—and approved—the abode.

Rudy's Next Marriage

WHEN the Rudy Vallée-Fay Webb matrimonial linen has been thoroughly washed in the judicial laundry, the world's richest crooner is expected to take his third fling at wedlock—with the blonde Alice Faye as his bride.

Rudy was a cynical young man as he made his secret getaway from Hollywood to evade deputy sheriffs seeking to serve him with a summons in his current wife's action for separate maintenance. He plans to file suit for an absolute divorce either in New York or in Mexico.

Rudy had hoped the final chapter in his union with Fay would be devoid of the sensational, but when Mrs. Vallée No. 2 named the prospective No. 3 and two Jane Does in her Los Angeles complaint, the radio star struck back with dictagraph records of telephone conversations between Fay and Gary Leon, the hoofer.

And now that his ire has been stirred to the boiling point, Vallée will fight to the bitter end any attempt on Fay's part to collect a large slice of his $3,000,000 fortune or his $50,000 a month income.

Alice Stays Here

RUDY IS HIGHLY elated over Alice Faye's new-found success in the talkies—success in which he played a prominent part.

When he came west to appear in Fox's production of George White's *Scandals,* he brought along Alice, who has been with him as a radio entertainer for more than a year. Then Lilian Harvey, slated for the lead in *Scandals,* balked at the rôle, and Rudy went to bat for Alice.

Fox executives were so impressed by her ability after viewing the early rushes, they immediately handed her a four-year contract.

Write Your Ticket!

THE thermometer on the Ida Lupino-Jack La Rue romance continues to soar, and all that remains to be attended to is the deal with the parson. That will be—

"When I have saved enough money, and when Jack has saved enough money," Ida told me.

He Couldn't Take It!

JACK LA RUE may be the big bad villain on the silversheet, but when it comes to cigars, he just isn't there.

Called upon to smoke a huge black weed for a sequence in Paramount's *The Good Dame,* the first few puffs floored him—and he stayed *out* for fifteen minutes!

Steaks Come High

THE real purpose behind Ramón Novarro's visit to his ranch down in Durango, Mexico, was to find out for himself just which was multiplying faster, cattle or employees. Feed bills had been mounting by leaps and bounds, but so had the payroll, until Ramón began to suspect he was supporting the major portion of the populace of his native land.

Clara Fights Weight

CLARA BOW is continuing her battle against that old bugaboo, plumpness, even though she's not making pictures at the moment.

The redhead is through with Fox, the organization that brought her back to the screen in *Call Her Savage* and followed



Jill Dennett is a provocative miss whom you will see with Charlie Murray and George Sidney in* Radio Dough *which they are filming for Columbia

HOT FROM HOLLYWOOD . . .

Continued from page twenty-four

Divorces

LESS THAN twenty-four hours after she had filed a separate maintenance suit against Ian Keith, Baroness Fern Andra changed her mind and demanded an absolute divorce. . . . Mrs. Elinor Herbert (widow of Thomas Ince) divorced Holmes Herbert, Beryl Mercer's ex, in Mexico. . . . Grace Darmond, whose name flickered in electric lights in the silent era, severed the ties that bound her to Randolph Jennings, and will attempt a come-back . . . a London tribunal has finally granted Lord Inverclyde a decree from June, and now she's free to become Mrs. Lothar Mendez. . . . Ruth Clifford and broker James Cornelius have called it quits after ten years.

Births

IT'S A SON at the home of the Harry Greens. . . . Jack and Hannah Dempsey admit the stork is coming, and they're praying for twins. . . . Lina Basquette and Teddy Hays will be eligible to membership in the Parent-Teacher association after April. . . . The Robert Youngs have named their first-born Carol Ann because they like the ring of Wallace Beery's youngster's cognomen.

Deaths

BLANCHE FREDERICI, fifty-five, who began her career under the tutelage of David Belasco, has taken her final curtain call . . . a valvular heart ailment was fatal to Neil Pratt, the character actor . . . Charlie Mack, headman of the comedy team of Moran and Mack, "Two Black Crows," clasped the hand of his partner, and whispered "The end has come, Pal," just before he succumbed to injuries sustained in a motor accident in Arizona.

Financial

MARSHALL DUFFIELD, Dorothy Lee's football-playing husband, has got himself a job as head of a big liquor sales agency. . . . Cecil B. de Mille's plea to the comptroller of the currency that he be permitted to retain the $100 in gold lucky pieces he has carried for a quarter of a century has been passed on to President Roosevelt for a special ruling. . . . Boots Mallory and hubby Bill Cagney have invested their savings in a lemon juice factory. . . . Producer John Considine, Jr., handed Mrs. Considine (Carmen Pantages) the deed to a swell Beverly Hills manor as a little mid-week surprise . . . and they're moving in next month.

WITH THE NEWS SLEUTH . . .

it with *Hoopla*. She's still too peeved over loss of *Marie Gallant* to reply to Fox's repeated offers of another contract.

However, Clara is turning over in her thoughts a proposition from Twentieth Century, and it is believed she will sign with this infant among the majors.

That's why she's watching the scales!

He'll Use His Feet

GEORGIE RAFT was a hoofer before he began carving his niche in the movies, and he's going to revert to type on his forthcoming personal appearance tour of Europe. He'll select his dancing partner after he reaches the Continent.

Dick Doesn't Forget

JOBYNA RALSTON is sporting a newly-acquired and costly emerald-cut diamond engagement ring, the gift of her husband, Dick Arlen.

Dick admits he is seven years late in purchasing the gem, but he didn't have the price when he married Joby.

Attention, Czar Hays!

THERE'S really nothing to get excited about in the fact that Joe E. Brown kissed Alice White in a talkie scene, but—

When Hollywood's champion family-man goes in for hot-cha love-making with the colony's newest bride, and sets an all-time record for long-drawn-out osculation, that's news.

It happened in Joe's new vehicle out on the Warner lot. Just as their lips met, something went haywire with one of the cameras, and the director shouted "Hold it!" while experts busied themselves with pliers and screw-drivers.

The script girl said it was better than three minutes by her stop-watch!

Raquel Altar-Bound!

LITTLE RAQUEL TORRES is responsible for the speedy healing of Stephen Ames' heart, cracked when Adrienne Ames suddenly informed him that she was divorcing him in order to wed Bruce Cabot.

The rich New York broker believes he has found the perfect mate in the Mexican actress, and he's coming out here soon to lead her to the altar.

Dick, Jr., in Début

RICHARD RALSTON ARLEN is only eight months old, yet he played his first celluloid rôle in Para-



—*Gaston Longet*

Two cheers and a tiger —oh, well, let it go. In any event Jean Carmen and Chick Chandler are having a lot of fun although the tiger doesn't seem to care much for the line they're giving him



—*Clarence Sinclair Bull*

It's about time to think about that bathing suit you'll wear this summer. Florine McKinney already is trying out this yellow knit suit with four white straps forming the brassette back on California beaches

mount's *She Made Her Bed.* To obtain the services of the Arlen heir, however, the company was forced to revise its shooting schedules, because Joby would permit her son to toil only two hours daily, and that in the afternoons. The balance of Junior's time is occupied with his bath, his bottles and his naps.

Privacy Plus

STUDIO DEMANDS on Bette Davis' time prevented her from slipping away with Harmon O. Nelson for a second honeymoon after five months of enforced separation, so she did the next best thing —leased the impenetrable Santa Monica manor that formerly sheltered Garbo from the public's gaze, for the duration of her husband's stay in California.

Not even Warner Brothers' cameramen were permitted to interrupt the bliss of the reunited pair.

Bruce Wants to be Daddy

FEW of Adrienne's fans were aware of the fact that Stephen and she were the parents of an eight-year-old daughter, Dorothy, until Bruce made his way into a Los Angeles court the other day with a petition for the child's adoption. Dorothy's father, he told the judge, had agreed to the action.



The Fair-Haired Lad

AS AN ACTOR, Lowell Sherman's life was filled with ups and downs, the latter predominating. Then he turned director, and landed atop a pile of money bags, where he seems destined for a long stay.

Hollywood gasped four years ago when Radio Pictures awarded him a contract that provided for payment to him of $1,000,000 for thirty-six months behind a megaphone. Now Universal is handing him even heavier weekly envelopes for similar work.

Sherman steered Katharine Hepburn onto the right path in *Morning Glory,* and the headmen of the Laemmle outfit are praying that he'll be able to do as well by their Margaret Sullavan in *Elizabeth and Mary.*

It is Sherman's flair for the sophisticated that has put him over!

They're At It Again!

ROSCO ATES and his Mrs. are headed for the courthouse once more.

Rosco has taken up his abode at the Hollywood Baths, where he's slaying two birds with that famous single rock. He's taking treatments for a rheumatic condition, at the same time keeping out of sight of his frau.

Their earlier divorce action was halted by a reconciliation just as the judge prepared to affix his signature to the final decree.

Claire's New Flame

ROMANCE CONTINUES to blossom for Claire Windsor, despite her bitter experience on the losing end of that $75,000 alienation of affections action over Alfred Read. As this is written Claire is enjoying another whirl among New York's élite, this time as the guest of the very, very rich Erskine Gwynne, cousin of the late William K. Vanderbilt, Jr.

There was a period when Broadway thought Claire would wed Phil Plant, Constance Bennett's multi-millionaire ex-mate. Then came Tommy Manville, heir to the asbestos fortune, who wanted to make her Mrs. Manville No. 4.

"I have lost my faith in men," Claire confided the other day. "I shall love again, but I shall be wiser in my selection."

And in the next breath:

"Erskine is a dear—so gay, so attentive, and such fun!"

A Tip From Adolphe

ADOLPHE MENJOU, named as one of the world's ten outstanding male fashion plates, insists that any man can be well dressed with only three suits—this despite the fact that his wardrobe contains more than 100 complete outfits.

"If a fellow cannot afford a larger variety," Adolphe explained, "he can be made very presentable with a trio of suits—a dark blue for semi-formal occasions, a well cut, not too bright tweed for knockabout and sports wear, and a brown or some other dark color that lends itself to neat street wear."

Incidentally, Adolphe lists spats among his pet peeves.

Unbetrothed, But—

BEAUTIFUL TOBY WING is wearing a costly engagement ring, and thereby hangs a tale.

When the wealthy Bill Perry proposed to Toby's equally gorgeous sister, Pat, he slipped the multi-carat diamond on Pat's finger, hoping it would remain there. But when Pat and Bill journeyed to New York to be wed in Bill's mother's mansion, mater Perry presented her future daughter-in-law with the ring Bill's father had given her as an engagement token. So Toby, who served as bride's maid at the nuptials, got the spare.

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The Man Who Died



—Elmer Fryer

"I was as truly dead as though I never had been awakened," says Edward G. Robinson in telling of the awful experience of his youth when he was drowned

Edward G. Robinson tells of the horrifying time he actually met death!

by J. EUGENE CHRISMAN

How Does It Feel to die? What does a man think of, what are his sensations, his last reactions as the final veil is drawn across the window of his consciousness and he feels himself sinking slowly but surely into the Great Unknown?

Few of us will ever have the chance to know and then to return to life to record our experiences but Edward G. Robinson did. He has actually been dead, as dead as it is possible for a man to be and yet he was brought back to life to give us, at first hand, the reactions of a man who has felt his immortal soul slipping from his body.

This is no fantastic tale of fiction. Eddie Robinson was dead. He died of drowning. His heart no longer beat. He was actually in the Valley of the Shadow. Not one spark of life remained in his body and he had been pronounced dead by a competent physician. He was dead and that was all there was to it.

Artificial means brought him back to life, emptying his lungs of their burden of water, setting his stilled heart again in motion, restoring consciousness to his brain. He remembers clearly and distinctly, every thought and every reaction during those minutes when he felt himself drifting into Eternity.

● "I was attending school at the Townsend Harris Hall, a preparatory school for City College in New York," said Robinson, "and the boys of the preparatory school were allowed the use of the gym at certain hours of the day. I wanted to learn to swim so badly that I had overstayed my time. The physical instructor, seeing me in the pool, decided to impress upon me the fact that I was over my time and give me what he thought was an innocent ducking. I had just expelled my breath and was preparing to fill my lungs with oxygen when suddenly I felt my feet grasped and I was pulled under the surface!"

In one gulp Eddie filled his straining lungs with water. There was a horrible moment of suffocation as he struggled frantically for breath without being able to reach the surface.

"By this time, I knew that I was actually drowning," continued Eddie, "but the instructor, not realizing what he had done, had swum to the side of the tank, waiting for me to come up. But I didn't come up. It was only when I ceased to struggle and sank limp to the bottom of the pool that they realized I was drowning."

● When he was taken from the pool, it seemed that it was too late. There was not a sign of pulse or respiration and his heart had stopped beating. A physician, hastily summoned, pronounced him dead but in the faint hope of reviving him, ordered artificial respiration. For nearly an hour they worked over him and then, at last, they were rewarded by a faint flutter of his pulse. In a moment he was drawing the blessed air into his lungs. He who had been dead was alive!

"I was as truly dead as though I never had been awakened," he says. "I had been dead so far as my mental processes were concerned. I had felt death creeping upon me and my mind told me that the end had come. My conscious self had been completely obliterated."

Science, or at least one branch of it, says that a man's mind becomes so numbed in the presence of death that he

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—and Lived to Tell the Story!

The budding and blossoming of Garbo's romance with Mamoulian, as seen through the eyes of an actress who worked with her in "Queen Christina" but for obvious reasons must remain anonymous

by

_____?



Greta Garbo's romance with her director is the talk of Hollywood, and nearly everyone believes that they will soon be married

GARBO FINDS LOVE



Rouben Mamoulian, the young Armenian director who has won the heart of the world's most famous and sequestered movie star

As One of Those who worked with Garbo in *Queen Christina*, I saw her romance with Rouben Mamoulian bud and grow and flower into love. And I, like the rest of Hollywood, believe they will soon marry.

While they had become well acquainted before actual filming of the picture began, the tenderness and interest in Greta's attitude toward the director developed slowly, but it became quite obvious to all of us.

At first her confiding chats, her comments, her occasionally humorous sallies and even her complaints were limited to John Gilbert and another old friend of hers, that fine actor and gentleman, Lewis Stone. Then, gradually, Mamoulian entered the charmed circle.

After the picture had been under way for about three weeks we realized that he was very much an "insider"; finally that he had entirely usurped first place in her thoughts.

One abrupt change toward greater intimacy and sympathetic understanding came on a particular day when something appeared to have gone wrong between star and director. The picture was about three-quarters done. We had just "killed" a set; that is, we had finished the scenes scheduled to be shot in it, and were moving to another that was ready for us as soon as Bill Daniels, chief cinematographer of the company, and his men had set up their cameras and lights.

Possibly the star-director tiff had to do with whether we'd need retakes on the set we were leaving; I caught words about that. At any rate Greta, temporarily free to go to her dressing room for a rest, lingered uncertainly amid the scurry of changing sets. Then she went to Mamoulian, and took his arm. They walked over to a quiet corner, and stood talking earnestly. The set gossip-monger whispered into my ear:

"S-a-a-y! I heard her talkin' sweet to him—she was afraid she'd hurt his feelings awhile ago!"

Whatever has happened between the two, whatever is going to happen in the future, I think the incident I have just described was a crisis, a turning point that may have been critical. When I saw Greta, frowning, hesitating, start for her dressing room, then go back to the director, who was busy with his set-changing, I could almost read her mind on her mobile face—read that she didn't have the heart to walk away leaving him feeling hurt!

● Throughout the making of *Queen Christina* everyone was forever asking Garbo how she felt. In her place I should have been annoyed, but she didn't seem to mind. In fact, the query always seemed to brighten her up. Her

Please turn to page fifty-one

The strange story of Rudy Val- whom even the sophistications



—*Acme*

Fay Webb kisses Rudy Vallée goodbye in one of their partings before circumstance made necessary their final separation through the divorce courts



Alice Faye

RUDY'S VAGABOND

RUDY VALLEE is in hot water again!

His broken romance with Fay Webb, after a stormy two years of separations, reconciliations, irate statements and retractions, has flared up into an open conflict, bringing down on Rudy's curly head once more a whole hornet's nest of lawsuits, accusations and denials, with reporters dogging the vagabond crooner's footsteps, always on the watch to feed the sensation-loving public new thrills.

Again the circumstances of his life seem to have been thrown out of his control. Why?

As one who has known him for some period of time, I shall try to explain. In show business Rudy has constantly surmounted vicissitudes with an inborn Yankee shrewdness which has made him more money and kept him at the top longer than any other star. Business man as well as entertainer, he has shrewdly managed his professional affairs, keeping the money coming in from a dozen different sources—personal appearances, recordings and a night club venture of his own.

At a time when he had begun to slip from his throne as King of the Crooners, he realized that crooning was fast becoming a lost art. Sensibly, he switched his routine to a new rôle as master of ceremonies over the air. Today his Fleischmann's hour is still a leader in popularity polls.

Yet, despite his unequalled success and astute ability as a showman and money-maker, he seems unable to conduct his private life with the same degree of success. That native, hard-headed shrewdness with which he manages his business matters seems entirely lacking in affairs of the heart.

● Why does Rudy consistently fail to live a happy private life?

The reasons, various and complex, are apparent to those who know him intimately. His friends are well aware of his naiveté. It is extraordinary that anyone whose trail of experiences leads from a small Maine university to the most sophisticated spots of Broadway and Greenwich Village could remain so unworldly. This is explained to some extent by Rudy's devotion to his work.

If he had been more of a playboy and less of a hard-working business man during those years he might have had more experience to draw upon and thus managed to save himself from misfortune in love.

Rudy got off to his first unfortunate start in love when in 1928 he married Leona Chauchois McCoy, divorced wife of Frank McCoy and heir to the Chauchois coffee millions.

...e's love-life . . . of an idealist ...f great fame could not change



—*Acme*

Alice Faye appeared with Rudy Vallée on his radio programs and has a featured rôle with him in* Scandals. *They deny romance but many expect their marriage when Rudy is free



Rudy Vallée

Rudy never talked much about that marriage. There was little fanfare when it was annulled three months after the ceremony, because at that time the name of Rudy Vallée was of little interest to the public.

Whatever happened to end this first love it evidently left Rudy dreading the flame, for during the ensuing years, when radio made him the first great crooner of the air, there was no gossip linking his name with any woman. He devoted all his energies to work, driving, slaving sixteen hours a day, appearing four or five times daily at movie houses, running his own night club—the Villa Vallée—rehearsing for hours and trying out new popular songs in his spare moments.

Then came the romance which eventually led to the difficulties being splashed across front pages of today's newspapers in screaming headlines. When Rudy went to Hollywood in 1929 to make *The Vagabond Lover* it was his first chance for a real vacation. He was like a kid out of school. The ordinary grind of picture production was like play to him, but to the sophisticates of Hollywood he seemed more like a confused youngster than a celebrity.

After a few light-hearted and inconsequential friendships with Mary Brian and other young actresses he met the glamorous and fascinating Fay Webb. Fay had just put one foot on the ladder of movie fame as a Wampas Baby Star. Her exotic beauty and worldliness intrigued Rudy. He began taking her to the beach on his days off—to the Cocoanut Grove, the Ambassador, the Montmartre and other famous play places.

But just as the affair seemed to be taking a serious turn, Rudy finished his picture and had to rush east to fulfill his radio contracts. It looked as though their brief romance was over. But such was far from being the case!

● As soon as Rudy returned there began a long-distance telephone courtship. Then Fay made several trips east at Rudy's urging. At last, on July 6, 1931, they slipped away quietly to West Orange, New Jersey, and were married before a police recorder.

But their marital happiness was doomed to a short life.

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...DREAMS

by ALYCE CURTIS



—Irving Lippman

***Claudette Colbert appears as a bride in her latest picture, Columbia's* It Happened One Night**

CLAUDETTE COLBERT SAYS

MARRY YOUNG

Claudette Colbert gives a convincing argument in favor of early marriage

by JERRY LANE

TAKE LOVE WHEN you find it! That is Claudette Colbert's advice. Claudette, who has the French flair for living life fully—and the French appreciation of the art of love.

"It's the most tragic thing in the world," she told me as we sat in the living room of her hillside home, "the number of girls who are deliberately putting love out of their lives. Some of them have been caught in an economic whirlpool. Others are afraid marriage will hamper them. Yet marriage is the one thing every woman needs to make her *complete.*

"I tell you quite frankly I don't think anything can equal the supreme joy of young love. Nothing can make up to two people who really love and understand one another for wasted years—those long years of loneliness.

● "On the boat coming back from Honolulu recently I met a girl by the name of Stephanie, a traveling companion for an old lady. Stephanie told me about herself and her Tommy—how they couldn't marry because Tommy has a mother to support and two small sisters to put through school, while she must care for a paralytic father and an aunt on a meager salary.

"There they were, two young things trying to stave off the greatest force in life. Trying to forget what might have been if they hadn't been caught in a hopeless web of circumstance.

"And the terrible part of it is that there are a million Stephanies and Tommies in the world right now!" Claudette watched the vivid sunset for a long moment. Then she chuckled softly. "You know what I told Stephanie? I told her to see Tommy the minute the boat landed and find a preacher.

"You see, there's usually a way of fooling fate. Of taking it in your own two hands and twisting it to your needs." She chuckled again. And this Colbert girl has the most irresistible, confiding chuckle in the world. "That's exactly what Norman Foster and I did!

"We were nothing but kids when we went down to the city hall for a license. Kids with plenty of obligations, too. Norman had his people to look after and I had mine. Neither of us had any money—no one gets paid during rehearsals—and we were married the morning after *The Barker* opened. Our parts in that play were the first breaks for both of us. We hadn't the faintest idea of how long it was going to run. Actors never do. 'Tomorrow' is always a desperate chance with them. You may get a big salary

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BUT DICK ARLEN SAYS

DON'T!

Richard Arlen reveals an untold story of his past to refute Claudette Colbert's argument!

"No One Should marry until he is twenty-five! I did it. I know!" There are a few subjects on which Richard Arlen waxes warmly voluble. This is one of them.

"If I can prevent some kid from going through a lot of heart break—D'you suppose we can, Jerry, by airing these views of mine?" Dick lighted his pipe and regarded me quizzically. "You see," he went on, "'moonlight-and-magic' marriages simply don't take. And that is the only kind kids of eighteen or twenty know about, as a rule. For instance, you go to a dance and there's a big yellow moon and good music and the girl has on a shimmery dress. The first thing you know she is in your arms and you're making plans to take the biggest step you'll ever take as long as you live.

"What I say is this—*wait!* It won't hurt your love one iota to be engaged a year or two if you are both good sports and feel the right way towards one another. And there's another item too—you don't want the bank account to blister the first time you put a strain upon it.

"Understand, I'm not a cynic. Nothing like it. No one has cause to know better than I do that the charm and ecstasy of a happy marriage can counterbalance everything else in life. But you have to *work* to make your union a success. And that requires an adult mind. You can't be satisfied to drift along on a current of emotion and expect it to keep you up forever. Sooner or later you're going *down*—sunk in the divorce courts.

"That's why I hate to see youngsters rush headlong, eyes closed and pockets empty, into a state which calls for mature handling. I know exactly what is ahead of them. I once did the same thing myself."

● Dick was barely twenty then. A gay, impetuous young hot-head. Of course he felt qualified to provide for a wife. Hadn't he begun to earn his living when he was fourteen laying pipe lines? And the next summer he made good money as a life guard in St. Paul. Then came the war and Dick lied about his age to enlist in the Royal Flying Corps. Naturally he considered himself pretty much a man when he later met a pretty girl by the name of Ruth here in California. It was the old story—spring and both of them were lonely. Arlen had only his small salary from a makeshift job in a film laboratory. And he hadn't been married a month when he lost that.

"When you are as poor as I was you never have a dollar you can call your own." Dick made an expressive gesture. "It always belongs to someone else. Fifteen dollars for rent; money for gas; a check for the laundryman. The wife worries and doesn't tell the husband. *He* worries and doesn't tell her. Their nerves get frayed and before they realize it they're quarreling over some petty little thing.

"Probably there's a baby coming. Ours was. When a man can't get his wife the necessary comforts it embitters him. Half the time he takes it out on her without knowing

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—*Will Walling, Jr.*

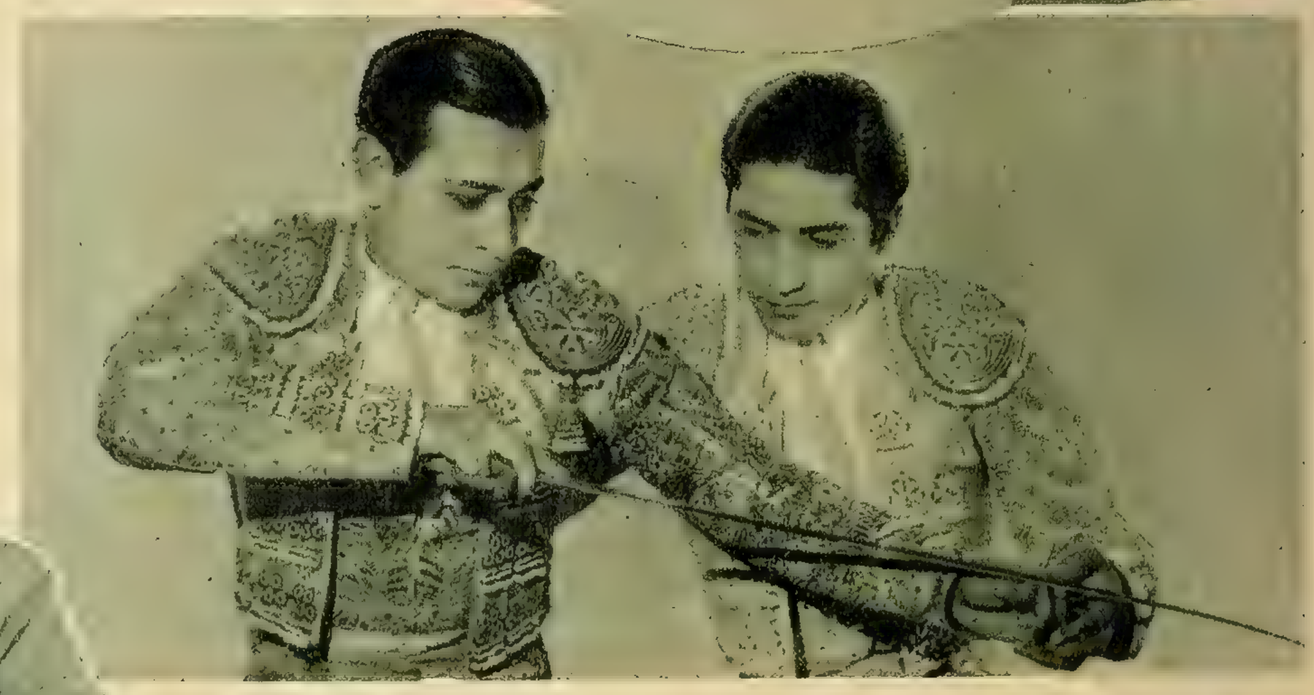
Richard Arlen is appearing currently in Paramount's **She Made Her Bed,** ***formerly titled*** **Baby in the Icebox**

Hollywood NEWS in Pictures

Interesting oddities and events in Cinemaland presented pictorially



Ramón Novarro and Lupe Velez receive baseball tips from Chief Myers, appearing with them in Laughing Boy. *Myers and Christy Mathewson made history with the New York Giants*



George Raft receives instructions from Pepe Ortiz, Mexican bull-fighting champion, for The Trumpet Blows. *Their uniforms, imported from Spain, weigh seventy pounds each and cost $1,000 apiece*



Life seems serious to little Carol Ann Beery as she and her famous daddy, Wallace Beery, visit between scenes for Viva Villa



—*Wide World*

Heather Angel makes a bid for good luck with her pet kitten, Bad Penny, *which she carries in a paper bag every place she goes*



Herbert Mundin, celebrated English comedian, is already teaching tricks to one of his new Scotty puppies, Jock MacMundin



Jean Connors, only sixteen, won a studio contest and a featured rôle in **Blonde Poison**



—*Wide World*

Doris Warner, daughter of H. M. Warner of Warner Bros. studio, and Director Mervyn LeRoy, were married in New York recently

Threats of kidnapers and hold-up artists hold no terror for lovely Lois Wilson when she is accompanied by her trusty Great Danes





She Finishes What She Starts

How Joan Blondell battled pain and defied death to complete her latest picture

by MARY NYE



Scene in Joan Blondell's living room when the studio came to her, and she played her part in the last scenes of I've Got Your Number *while still so weak from an appendicitis operation that she had to be carried downstairs*

How Would You Like to go to work on a stretcher? It would take pluck! But, in a manner of speaking, Joan Blondell did just that not long ago. Convalescing from an appendicitis operation, she couldn't go to the studio, so the studio came to her. Or, rather, cameras and equipment came as far as the living room of her lovely home on Lookout mountain. Joan did the rest—even though she was so weak she had to be carried downstairs. Seeing the picture you would never guess that the vivacious girl was concealing weariness and pain beneath her smile. Joan is like that!

Joan let her condition get beyond the danger point in the hope of finishing her part in the picture, *I've Got Your Number.*

Suddenly, a week before production on the picture ended, Joan was stricken with a severe attack of appendicitis. Other slight attacks she had been able to laugh off. This time, though, it was no joke. However, Joan refused to obey orders she go to the hospital. For two days George Barnes, her husband, was numb with anxiety as he watched her move about the set and knew her light manner concealed agonizing pain. But neither his pleadings nor the remonstrances of doctors could persuade Joan to give up.

"I can't quit until my shots are finished," she argued. "I can't leave the picture up in the air."

Good sport! A trouper at heart, she thought of her coworkers and her studio first.

That ended the controversy as far as Joan was concerned. Between shots she rested on a couch with ice packs on her side and gulped down aspirin every hour.

At the end of the second day George looked at her discerningly. "You're through," he announced with jaws set.

"No," she said with trembling lips. "There are still a few shots tomorrow morning."

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LAUGHING LADY

Colleen Moore, headed for new heights of fame, reveals how she has discovered the true meaning of happiness

by MAUDE CHEATHAM

WITH SPARKLING EYES and a bubbling gaiety, Colleen Moore is in Hollywood again pursuing another chapter in her remarkable career. Colleen is one of the few stars who have made a "comeback" after an absence from the screen. Last year, *The Power and the Glory* marked her re-entry among the top-notchers.

Now, it looks as if in RKO-Radio's *Success Story*, with young Doug Fairbanks, she will get another big boost toward the dizzy heights.

"Funny thing," Colleen told me, "before I knew what happiness was or the value of a smile, I was playing comedy—happy-go-lucky hoydens—and rollicking all over the screen. Now, that I've found happiness and have learned to laugh, I am portraying dramatic rôles in which I even suffer and weep.

"Just before leaving New York, I made *The Social Register*, under Marshall Neilan's direction. That was good comedy and we had a grand time making it. You remember that early in my career I was with Micky a whole year, the best picture of the combination being *Dinty*.

"Never say I'm not a quick worker," she added with a laugh. "I finished that picture at two o'clock one afternoon and two hours later left for Hollywood.

"There was one big flaw in this gorgeous plan; Al couldn't come with me. (Al, being her good looking young husband, Albert P. Scott, successful New York stock broker.) I'm returning East as soon as I complete this picture. No long absences for us. I've grown very wise. My contract specifies that I may return to New York between pictures but I'm subject to call from the studio at any time during the next six months."



● After completing a tense scene in *Success Story*, with Doug, Colleen and I slipped into her dressing room where she stretched out on the couch to rest and we continued our talk.

"Doug is grand to work with and we have a lot of fun between scenes. We spend most of our time writing telegrams and cablegrams for I send Al a wire every day and he sends daily cables to Gertrude Lawrence, in London.

"I hoped we'd have a hot love scene or two," she added mischievously. "But we haven't. I'm the good and faithful secretary who sticks by him. I seem fated never to have any great screen romances or breathless clinches. I have never played a bad woman nor vamped a man from his fireside. I think it would be rather exciting for a change.

"I've made a complete right-about face in real life during the past few years, however, and I feel that I am just beginning to live.

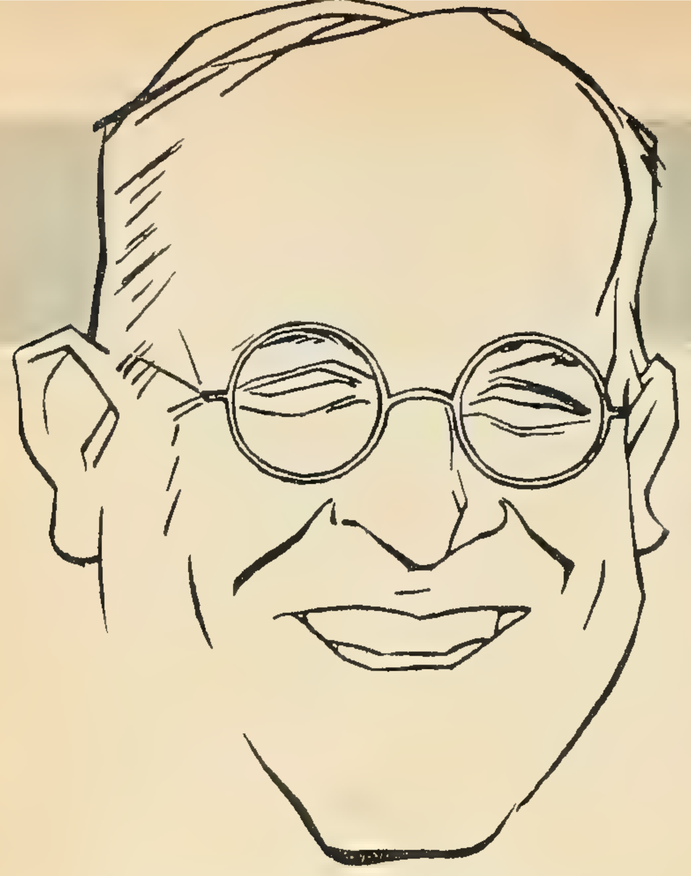
"Once I dreamed of being a pianist and entered a scholarship contest. I was so confident of winning that when another girl took the prize I was completely crushed. I remember my grandmother kept saying, 'Everything happens for the best.' Of course, I couldn't see it. But you would be surprised how often this phrase has come back to teach me it is the truth.

"Soon after this disappointment I went to Chicago on a visit and met D. W. Griffith. He gave me a chance in a picture and started me off on my screen career. Had I

Please turn to page fifty-two

HARRY CARR'S

by Harry Carr



Harry Carr, noted cinema authority, writer and critic

BACK TO HOLLYWOOD again after a ten months' trip around the world.

I found that all you have to do in order to walk on velvet carpets into palaces, have the guard turned out and the drums beat in your honor, is to carry a load of dirt about Hollywood; to know the size of Garbo's shoes and what was the matter with Doug and Mary.

In London, Doug, Jr., took me in triumph into the theatre dressing room to introduce me to his new lady love, Gertrude Lawrence. I can't say she seemed to be properly excited over the honor; but she served it in tall glasses with the ice clinking.

She is older than Douglas, but a charming and fascinating woman—received in exclusive circles. She is the No. 1 star of London.

Doug, Jr., is a big shot in England; but Doug, Sr., doesn't seem to have the batting average that you might expect.



Clarence Sinclair Bull

Myrna Loy, now a big success, was released from her contract twice by companies who now would give their shirts to get her back



—K. O. Rahmn

Mary Pickford's future is problematic. The stage has nothing for her, says Harry Carr, who wonders why she dallied with three-a-day vaudeville

Java Head

● Anna May Wong knows the "best people" and has a warm place in the hearts of the English people. It hasn't gone to her head. Same merry-hearted, charming little girl.

While I was visiting her in her dressing room in Brighton, two hours out of London, she received an offer by telegraph to play the lead in one of the most gorgeous stories ever written—Hergesheimer's *Java Head*. It is the story of a Manchu aristocrat who married a Yankee sea captain and came to live in a New England village. It's a great chance but a very tough part. I hope she gets away with it.

The Gishes

● In New York, I saw a great deal of the Gish sisters.

After a long absence from the screen—and having turned down many fine offers—Lillian was persuaded into *His Double Life*—the first screen adventure of Arthur Hopkins, the famous stage director.

With Roland Young playing opposite, Lillian achieved the most delicate and charming comedy. It knocked the critics into spasms of surprise. It opens up a new future for her; there have been too many Gish tears. It is a pity that she came back under a director who knew nothing about pictures. The thing was utterly lacking in tempo. It didn't move along.

Dorothy has had several good screen offers; but the studios have sad memories for both Gish sisters.

Mae West

● Coming back to Hollywood, I found a world filled with Mae West.

If she meant me when she looked out from the screen and said "A penny for your thoughts," I'll give them right here. Mae, it was your figger that surprised me. I had supposed you looked like a Mexican water jar underneath. I was not

Fresh from a world tour, Harry Carr resumes his sparkling monthly discussion of screen events and stars

SHOOTING SCRIPT



Step up and meet a few of the beauties you will see in the Fox Follies. *From left to right: Marbeth Wright, Edna Callaghan, Bonnie Browning, Dorothy Dearing, Gaile Arnold, Jean Alden and Georgia Spencer*

prepared for anything as slender, as svelte and thrilling as your figure in tights.

I found that most people did not like *I'm No Angel* as well as *She Done Him Wrong*, but I did. I'm not sure that I didn't like it better.

The first time, she left me so gasping that it was like critically considering a Fourth of July pin-wheel. I staggered out of the theatre in a daze. This time, I had a chance really to consider her as an artiste.

And take it from me, children, she is a great artiste. I have never seen any other actress on the screen or the stage with such a perfect knowledge of "timing." Just try that pause; then the look; then the wise crack on your ukulele and you will see why no one will ever be able to imitate her. Once in a while she scores by giving the look without the remark—leaving you to fill in your own wise crack. I don't know to what extent she helps in the direction; but somebody is mighty good at it.

Danger Ahead

● At that, Miss West hasn't her triumph completely sewed up. Her first screen part was like opening up a Christmas package; it is difficult to bring back the same thrill. Also, many actors and actresses have bumped peril in finding themselves tied to one line of characters. The audiences tire of seeing them in the same thing; but—singularly enough—will accept them in nothing else. It will be a calamity for Mae if she ever loses Cary Grant. I haven't interviewed enough girls to know if he is the perfect lover; but to my way of thinking Cary is obviously the perfect Mae West lover.

Please turn to page fifty-eight

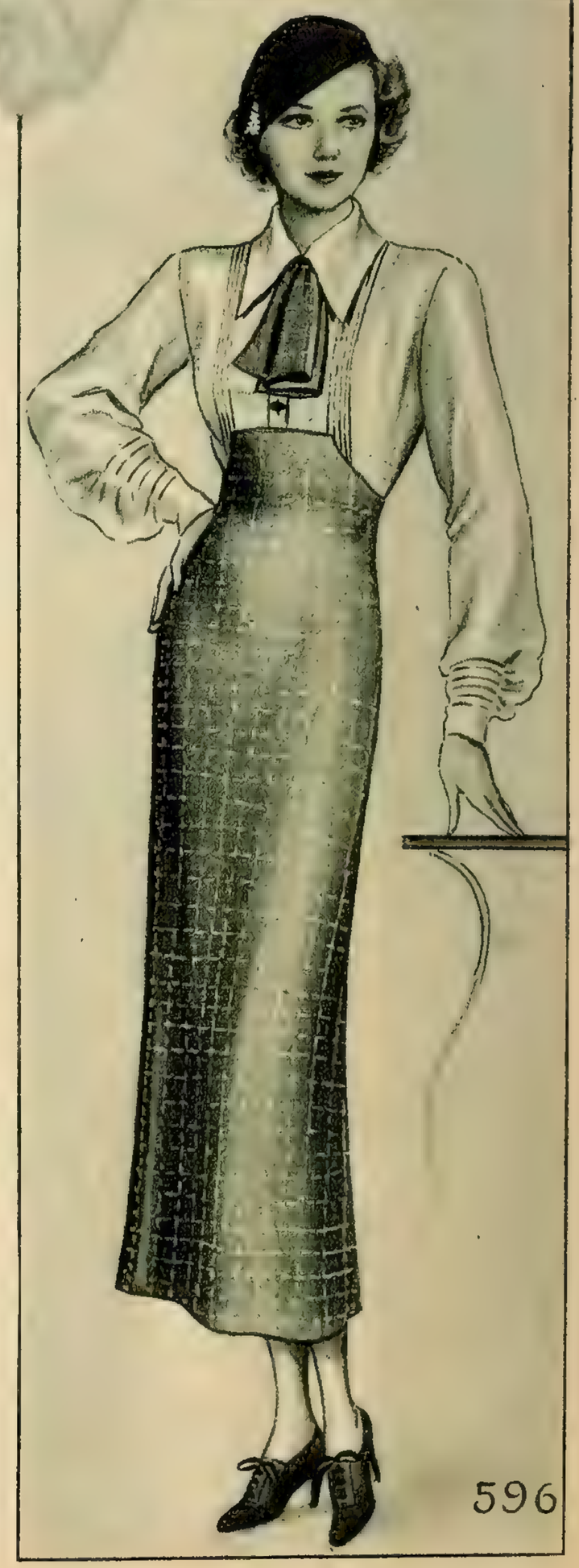
Hollywood's Pattern Service Offers

A CHIC NEW BETTY FURNESS FROCK

Add a smartly original note to your spring wardrobe with this charmingly different frock







With Spring just around the corner, we decided that something ought to be done about the matter of seasonal frocks. We asked Betty Furness, whose chic and taste are bywords in filmdom, what to do about it—and Betty promptly reciprocated by offering Hollywood readers this delectable pattern model from her personal wardrobe.

Betty's jaunty frock—and you'll love it—is fashioned of companion woolen prints, the skirt in navy ground overplaided in powder blue and the enchanting shirtwaist bodice in powder blue with navy. Other two-toned materials, however, such as heavy silk crêpes or similar spring and summer materials, may be employed with equal success.

You can duplicate this exclusive Betty Furness dress with Hollywood pattern No. 596, price 15c, which is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years and comes in bust sizes 34, 36, 38 and 40. Other stunning styles await you in our *Spring Fashion Magazine,* 15c a copy. When ordered together, both pattern No. 596 and the fashion book may be obtained for 25c (coin preferred). Address your orders to Hollywood Magazine, Pattern Department, 529 South Seventh Street, Minneapolis, Minn.

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For the enclosed.....send me Betty Furness' dress pattern No. 596. Size.....

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Patterns 15c each. Fashion Book 15c. When Fashion Book is ordered with one or more patterns price is 10c.

Although fashioned of woolen prints, Betty's frock also makes an exceptionally charming model in silk crêpes and similar materials

Why did they say this?

"DON'T RUSH INTO MATRIMONY"



Learn all the facts
This book is free



Blind to the changed conditions of today, some mothers still look at their young daughters a little sadly and apprehensively. Girls of twenty, in love, will *not* listen when they are advised "to wait a little longer" before they marry. They never have. They never will. They have never understood why their mothers tried to hold them back.

Women did have cause for worry

The matter of feminine hygiene was probably in these mothers' minds. That used to be a terrible dilemma. Poisonous compounds—or nothing at all? That was the only choice.

Doctors were sympathetic. But they could not advise the use of cresol and carbolic acid on sensitive tissues. There was no such thing—*in those days*—as a non-poisonous antiseptic that was powerful enough for the purpose.

Now Zonite—powerful, non-poisonous

One of the great new benefits to womankind is the modern antiseptic-germicide called *Zonite*. Every woman should know about Zonite. How safe it is. How gentle it is. How *strong* it is.

Zonite is a truly *personal* antiseptic, designed and prepared for use on the human body. It provides surgical cleanliness with complete *safety*. It cannot burn or sear. It cannot cause any of those tragic happenings so likely to mar a woman's life. As to strength and effectiveness, even compared with the poisons, Zonite is outstandingly strong. Zonite is far more powerful than any dilution of cresol or carbolic acid that can be safely applied to the human body.

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Zonite (the liquid) comes in bottles. You will find it in every drug store in the country: at 30¢, 60¢ and $1.00. Then there is another form (semi-solid)—Zonite Suppositories. These are dainty, white forms which provide continuing antiseptic action. They are individually sealed: at $1.00 for a box of a dozen. Some women prefer this semi-solid form. Others use both.

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☐ Facts for Women
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

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JOAN'S OWN BEAUTY TRICKS

by MAX FACTOR



—*Clarence Sinclair Bull*

Joan Crawford now pencils her eyebrows in their natural arch. That arch and the backward sweep of her hair off her forehead lend a serenity in impressive contrast to the intensity of her eyes and drama of her mouth

A famous makeup expert reveals the beauty secrets that helped Joan Crawford win fame

JOAN CRAWFORD has travelled a long way up the path to beauty. She didn't arrive suddenly at the goal where she is today. Not by any means! I've watched Joan struggle and work and strive for it with all that splendid energy of hers. To me, it is one of the most inspiring "success" stories ever to come out of Hollywood, because it shows just what a girl *can* do when she sets her mind to it.

You may not be favored with a charming nose like Joan's. You may not have her eyes. But you've got *something*. Everyone is born with a certain accented feature and it's by making the most of it that you become attractive and distinctive.

Do you think, for instance, that Joan admired her really wide shoulders? She did not! She used to wear her sleeves set extra high to make her shoulders seem narrower and many a time I used to tease her about the thickness with which she applied her foundation cream. "But Mr. Factor," she'd protest, "I've got to hide those freckles!"

Today she has learned that by emphasizing the width of her shoulders, her body assumes more graceful proportions.

● Joan has come a long way since those days in 1925 when Hollywood first knew her. They say the secret of progress is change. And how the lovely Crawford has changed!



You can transform yourself, by following the hints given here, as Joan Crawford transformed herself into one of the most glamorous beauties of the screen

She has been a blonde, golden redhead and brunette. From a chubby, round-eyed ingenue she has turned into a slender, dazzling beauty. The chubbiness was due to what is termed "baby fat" so don't worry, you girls of eighteen or twenty, because you're overly plump. Don't eat quite so many sweets and pastries and leave the real thinning-out process to nature. The rest Joan accomplished by experiment and patience. Where she had laid too much stress on every feature before—too much rouge, lipstick applied too heavily, eyebrows too sharply defined—she learned the technique of *artistic emphasis*. That is, playing up one or two features. Dramatizing them.

That is the most important step in make-up. And incidentally, it is the real secret of Joan's unique fascination.

Her eyes were once merely a pretty blue. Today she has made them the focal point in her face. Wonderfully large. Mysterious. They fairly speak, those eyes of Joan's.

First of all, the whites are remarkably clear. That comes from just one thing — good health. Enough sleep. *And no hard rubbing.* People have a habit of rubbing their eyes when they're sleepy at night and when they first wake in the morning. It's one of the worst things you can do. Joan also makes a point of keeping her eyes clean—of washing them twice a day in a mild boric acid solution. There's nothing like a thorough cleansing to give them sparkle. And nothing like correctly shaded eyeshadow to give them depth! Joan uses gray, a new soft tone that is undetectable. She deepens it on the eyelid and blends it off towards the outer edge. She uses eye-lash make-up to give the eyes that very open look. You see, when she raises them they seem to widen the eyes even more that way.

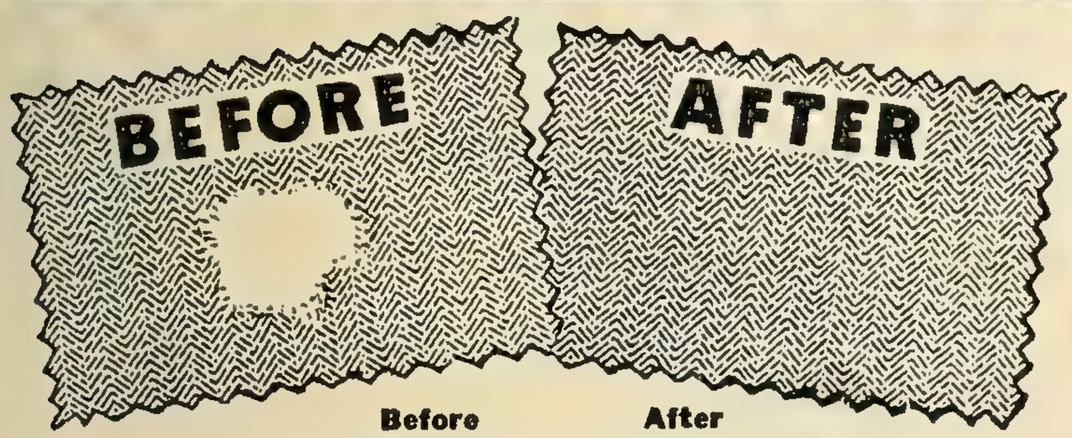
But don't do this if you have really round eyes. The thing to do in that case is to extend the upper and lower lids at the outer corner of the eye with an eyebrow pencil so that the eye appears more almond-shaped.

● Here's another trick the stars have of making their eyes seem larger. They hold their heads down and look up at you to accent the whites of the eyes. There's some-

Please turn to page fifty-nine



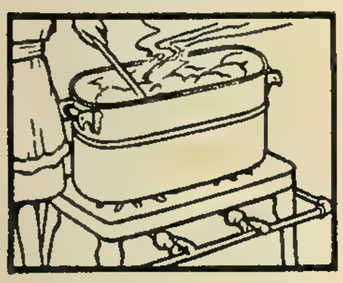
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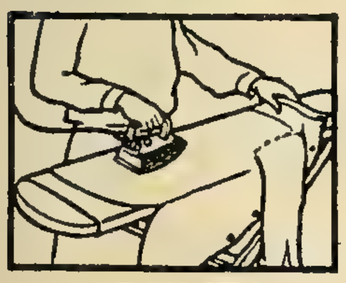
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"Sew-No-More is a fine invention. It does everything you claim for it. It is a pleasure to recommend it to my friends and neighbors."—Charles B. Hixon, Pa.

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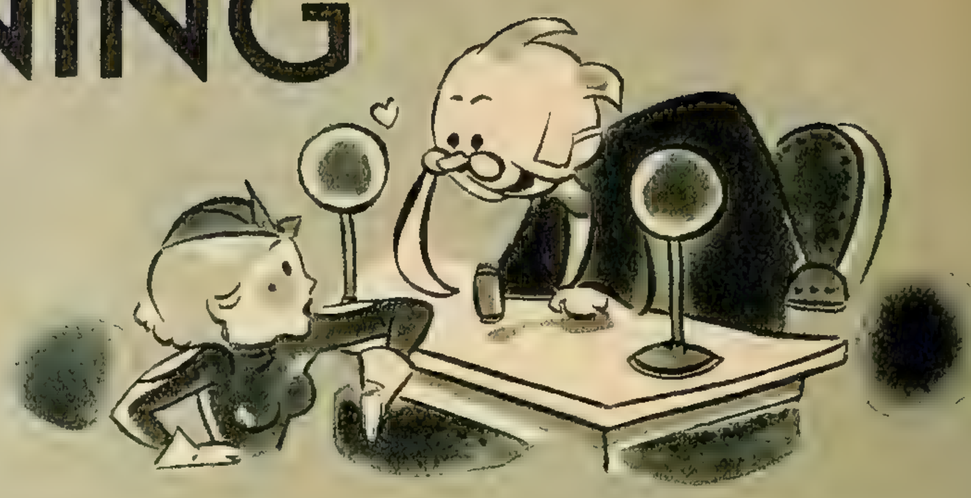
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CROSS-EXAMINING the STARS



Where HOLLYWOOD readers ask the stars pertinent and impertinent questions

MAE WEST: What were the names of the three songs you sang in *She Done Him Wrong* and is it possible to purchase them anywhere.

They were A New Way to Go to Town, No One Loves Me Like My Dallas Man, *and* Sister Honky Tonk. *Yes, they may be purchased at any leading music store.*

GRETA NISSEN: Did you ever get a divorce from Weldon Heyburn as rumored so many times?

No, we are not divorced.

BING CROSBY: Is it true you will send a picture of your baby to those who ask?

I would if I could, but I can't. That kid of mine is so popular the expense would break me!

ZASU PITTS: How many children have you really, and what are their names?

I have one child of my own named Ann, and an adopted son, Don, who was Barbara La Marr's adopted boy.

RICHARD ARLEN: Who are your best friends among the motion picture colony?

Among my very best friends are Norman McLeod and Bing Crosby.

PERT KELTON: What is your favorite perfume?

Jasmine, and how!

DOUG FAIRBANKS, Jr.: Do you and your dad have any pet names for each other?

Dad calls me "Jayar" and I call him "Pete."

RUBY KEELER: Have you a child of your own?

No, we have no children at present but Al and I hope to have both a son and daughter some day.

MAE WEST: What, if any, are your beauty aids to a lovely complexion?

Just the usual care of cleansing the skin thoroughly twice a day with a good cold cream, using a mild skin tonic and nourishing cream. Also adhering to a diet which does not include greasy or heavy foods.



Toby Wing will answer your questions on this page if you write her. See coupon

RICHARD DIX: What do you plan to do when you retire from pictures?

When I retire from the screen, I hope to devote my leisure to raising blooded horses, both draft and stock. I have a large ranch and each year I clear a little more of it, making it ready for grazing lands.

ALICE WHITE: Why did you finally decide to get married after an engagement of five years?

I have always felt that when I married I wanted it to last. For that reason I wished to be very sure Cy and I were really suited to each other before we took the vows. I would rather take a chance on losing the man I loved during a long engagement than to rush into marriage and find later I had made a mistake.

IRENE DUNNE: Do you prefer high-heeled shoes to any others?

Yes, I believe high-heels add poise and confidence. Have you ever noticed that bashful girls always wear low-heeled shoes?

TOBY WING: What are your measurements and what shades of make-up do you wear for afternoon and evening?

Five feet five inches tall, weight 120 pounds, bust thirty-three and one-half inches, waist twenty-six inches, hips thirty-six inches. I use a light suntan powder for both day and evening with orange-toned rouge and lipstick. At night I use violet-shaded eye-shadow and blue mascara.

Write Your Questions on Coupon

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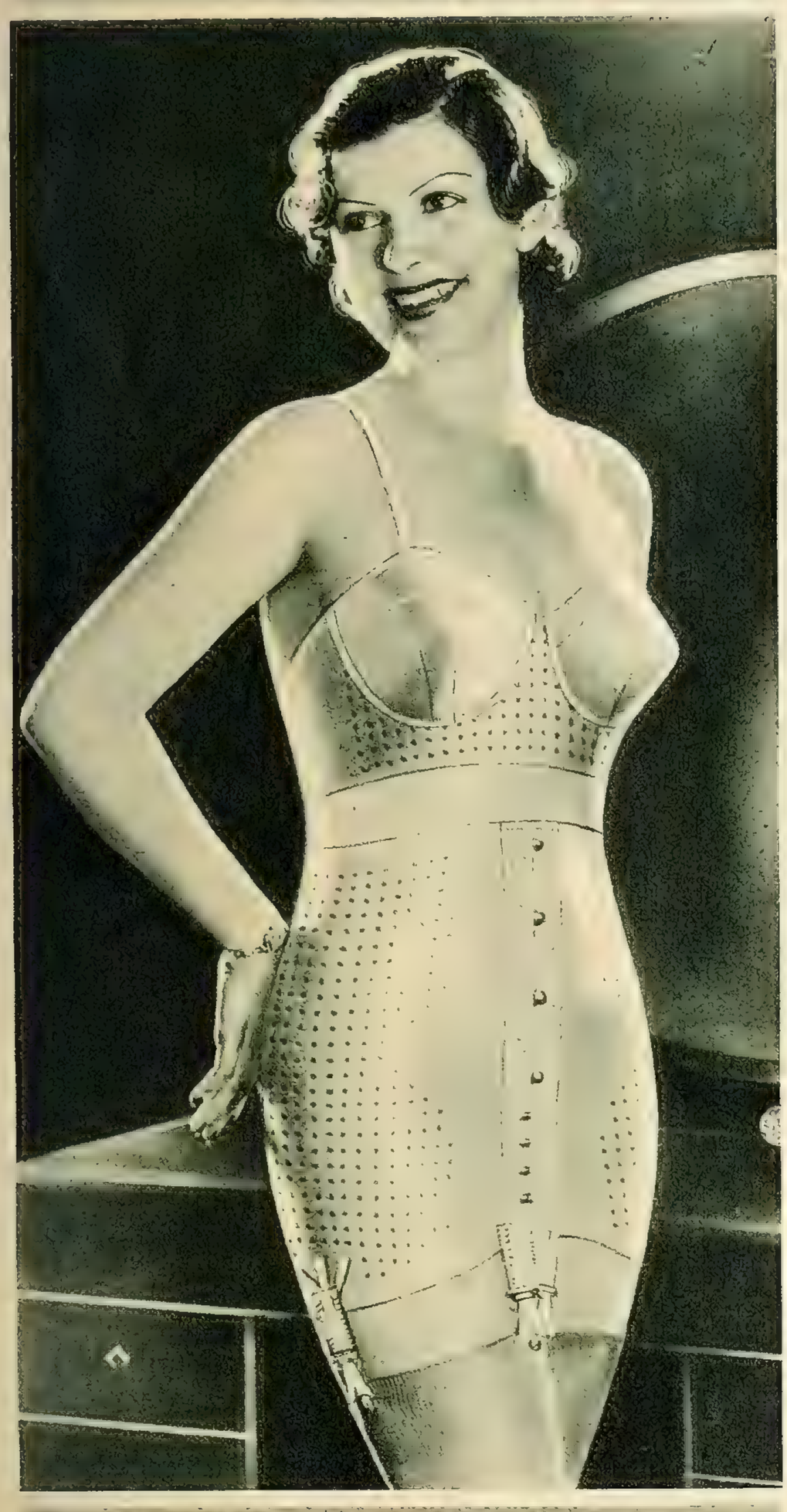
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Address .....

Mail this coupon to *The Question Editor*, HOLLYWOOD, 305 Baine Studio Bldg., Hollywood, Calif. It will be impossible to grant personal replies. Questions will be answered only on this page.

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WAIST AND HIPS THREE INCHES IN TEN DAYS OR ...IT WON'T COST YOU ONE CENT!





We want you to try

THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE *at our expense!*

"I REDUCED MY WAIST AND HIPS 9 INCHES," writes Miss Jean Healy..."I reduced from 43 inches to 34½ inches"...writes Miss Brian..."Massages like magic"...writes Miss Carroll..."The fat seems to have melted away"...writes Mrs. McSorley.

● So many of our customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this Perforated Rubber Reducing Girdle that we want you to try it for 10 days at our expense!

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly!

● This Famous Reducing Girdle will prove a great boon to you, for now you can be your slimmer self without strenuous exercise, diet or drugs! The girdle is ventilated to allow the skin to breathe and works constantly while you walk, work, or sit . . . its massage-like action gently but persistently eliminating fat with every move you make.

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● The Perfolastic may be worn next to the skin with perfect safety, for a special inner surface of satinized cloth protects the body. So soft and smooth, it prevents any friction. So porous, it actually absorbs perspiration. This "inner surface" keeps your body perfectly cool and fresh.

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● You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce your waist and hips THREE INCHES! You do not need to risk one penny. . . try it for 10 days . . . then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results . . . and your money will be immediately refunded.

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writes Miss Healy

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Miss JEAN HEALY
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New York City



"I REDUCED MY HIPS FROM 43 to 34½ INCHES"
writes Miss Brian

"I . . . measured 43 inches through the hips, and weighed 135 pounds. In one year I was down to normal, weighing 120 pounds, measuring 34½ inches around the hips."

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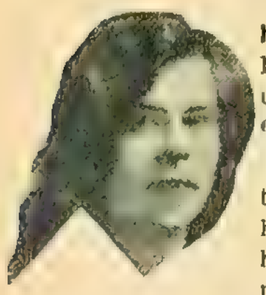
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EDITOR'S MAILBAG

An open forum in which readers express their views on stars and pictures. $5.00 is paid to each of the five best letters received each month



Alice Brady—compelling performer

Not a Type

FOR THOSE FANS who are afraid that Alice Brady's rôles in *When Ladies Meet* and *Beauty For Sale* will type her as an exponent of nit-witticism, I suggest they see Miss Brady's picture, *Stage Mother*. Her performance is compelling enough to keep her audience through the second showing. The appendectomy scene marks a zenith of achievement on the part of both actress and director. The announcement of an Alice Brady picture is all that is necessary to find me tossing a coin through the cashier's window.
($5.00 Letter)

MYRTLE CARTER,
2200 Hill Crest, Forth Worth, Texas.

Dynamic Hepburn

AS *Jo* in *Little Women* Katharine Hepburn at last finds scope for her dynamic personality. Never again shall I think of Hepburn as Hepburn, but as Jo March, my childhood ideal.

With a movement of her suggestive hands or a lift of the shoulders Katharine Hepburn creates a mood or a sensation that others require an entire scene to portray. Let's have more characterizations in which she may do her art justice!

FLORENCE VETTER,
267 W. Hudson St., Elmira, N. Y.

Visual History

SCHOOL CHILDREN dislike history because they do not catch its romance. Talking pictures can supply the missing element. I suggest a series of shorts based upon Charles Kingsley's "The Heroes" and books of a similar nature. They would be interesting both to children and adults and would help to add the missing element of romance to both history and classical mythology.

And here's another suggestion: In pictures featuring the Royal Canadian Mounted Police we are often treated to the spectacle of Indians speaking a strange form of English which, I imagine, is supposed to be their dialect. But Indians in this part of Canada either speak their native Cree tongue or else, having been educated in Mission schools, better English than many white people.
($5.00 Letter)

REV. JAMES E. LEACH,
St. George's College, Prince Albert, Sask., Canada.

Where Honor Is Due

PRODUCERS of the screen version of *Little Women* are to be congratulated. Their work proves that Hollywood is capable of presenting clean, inspiring pictures once the determination strikes her. And believe me, this type of picture is a relief after having lurid sex and gangster films crammed down our throats for the past several months. The favorable reaction of movie goers to *Little Women* should serve as a guide to producers in the future.

HOYT McAFEE,
Forest City, N. C.

Don't We All?

ALTHOUGH I'M OLD enough to have my mind on more serious things I can't help saying that I still derive untold pleasure in seeing cinema fairy tales. I adored *Three Little Pigs* and I sat through two shows of *Alice in Wonderland!*

I can still remember "way back when" I skipped classes to see *Peter Pan*. And that reminds me of an idea I've had all along. Why not a new *Peter Pan* with elfin Lilian Harvey as *Peter* and winsome Charlotte Henry as *Wendy*?
($5.00 Letter)

HELEN P. FRANZEEN,
520 Hampshire, Quincy, Ill.

Hymn to Helen

HAIL Helen Hayes—superb in *The Son Daughter*, magnificent in *The Sin of Madelon Claudet*, alluring in *Arrowsmith* and unforgettable in *Farewell to Arms!* Her gracious charm and incomparable acting make one forget oneself entirely. She lifts one out of everyday worries into the very heart of her story, creating an atmosphere so realistically that it is both a shock and a disappointment when the picture is over. Bernhardt of the screen, I salute you!
($5.00 Letter)

CLAIRE S. MICHAELSON,
7 Mt. Pleasant, Manchester 8, England.

He Tops 'Em All

IN THE rôle of Rocci, the gangster, in *Broadway Through a Keyhole,* Paul Kelly gave a superb performance. His chances of becoming a leading male star are bright, indeed. His appeal to women is as great as Gable's; and as for polish and fascinating reserve, he has no superior among male screen favories.

LUCYBELLE LORTZ,
819 Milton Ave., Louisville, Ky.

Too Much Sophistication

HAS AMERICA LOST its sense of decency? Have we come to the point where we can tolerate these sexy, sophisticated pictures without a word of protest? It would seem that the picture of a few years ago with its tender, refreshing note is a thing of the past. This modern, indecent display of sex is disgusting. Give us more pictures like *Peg O' My Heart* and *Smilin' Through.*

HERBERT GAW,
Westboro, Mo.

These Collegiate Movies

I AM a college student; and most of the students I know are disgusted with the stories of college life. The only picture to date which has given any sort of realism to college life was *College Coach,* wherein Dick Powell actually shows an interest in chemistry, outside of his football playing and one of the professors is actually likeable. Let's have more like it!

ELIZABETH PORTER,
1185½ E 2nd St., Tucson, Ariz.

Star Material

I HAVE JUST seen Will Rogers' *Mr. Skitch.* With the exception of Will, I think Rochelle Hudson displayed the best acting ability of the cast. Why don't producers build up this dark haired girl and make her a star? She is the prettiest brunette on the Fox lot.

EDWARD LINDSEY,
Frankford, Mo.

Sweet Janet

THANK heaven there's one star who hasn't been sexed and sexed and sexed! That star is the sweet and unsophisticated Janet Gaynor. Her pictures are as refreshing as her beauty. If I had a child I would never say "no" to a Gaynor movie. I think Janet is splendid.

GLADYS L. McCULLOUGH,
506 S. 24th Ave., Omaha, Neb.

Thumbs Down

A POOR PICTURE with an all-star cast! That sounds impossible to most of the public, but in my opinion, *Dinner At Eight was a poor picture.*

What were producers thinking of when they cast Jean Harlow and Wallace Beery together? I didn't like Billie Burke, either; and I was very disappointed in John Barrymore. Marie Dressler, Lionel Barrymore, Madge Evans and Karen Morley gave good performances, but on the whole, *Dinner At Eight* was poor.

BETTY RANDALL,
423 Clifford Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

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Enjoys Travelogues

A WORD OF PRAISE for the entertaining and instructive travel-talks that are appearing more and more frequently in current picture programs. Every one of them so far has proven thoroughly enjoyable and I hope that the time is near when we can anticipate a travelogue as a regular part of each program just as we have learned to expect a newsreel.

LOLA ARGO,
R. R. 1, Dixie Highway, Shively, Ky.

Spunky Clara

WHY don't we see more of Clara Bow? She is one of the greatest actresses on the screen if she could just get a good break once. Grand in *Hoopla*, she's my favorite actress and will continue to be. She has a lot of spunk—just what it takes to come back.

NELLIE WHITE,
White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.

No More Mush!

PRODUCERS AND screen writers seem to think we kids enjoy mushy love songs and pictures. We want film entertainment featuring kids between fourteen and seventeen. Hollywood has lots of this talent. Let's see more of it.

BETTY ALLEN,
1549 Farwell Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Versatile Lewis Stone

LEWIS STONE has the finish of George Arliss, the poise of Clive Brook and the character ability of Charles Laughton. He is being kept in the background entirely too much. It's high time that somebody recognized that Lewis Stone is a star.

MRS. ELLEN M. GAULT,
367 E. Black St., Rock Hill, S. C.

Reason Enough

CAVALCADE, Tug-Boat Annie, This Living Age, She Done Him Wrong, Lady For a Day, The Bowery and *Little Women* are just a few good reasons why America spends its evenings at the movies. Old stars like Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery and new ones like Mae West and Katharine Hepburn are reasons enough for us to expect great things from our movies this year.

MARY JORDAN,
800 N. Mansfield Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

Magnetic Joan

TOO bad we haven't more actresses like Joan Crawford! Her vibrant energy seems to transfer itself to you as you watch her on the screen. She makes you feel alive and is a good example of what hard work and determination will get you.

MAXINE H. HOAG,
92 Elba St., Rochester, N. Y.

Wants Return of Seventh Heaven

THANKS TO HOLLYWOOD Magazine for giving us fans more space to voice our opinions. I hope producers will see this letter and bring back *Seventh Heaven* (which I missed) as a talkie with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell.

JACK GAYDOS,
1525 Winnemac Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Nope—Just An Old Custom

IS IT against the law to print a book, newspaper or magazine without two or three "rare portraits of Garbo?" If not, please give another face a chance.

LLOYD AUSTIN,
3908A Clayton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Typical American Girl

FRANCES DEE strikes me as the typical American girl. Clean-cut, lovely, frank—and what an actress! In such productions as *The Silver Cord* and *Little Women* she has shown outstanding talent and a deep and thorough understanding of her rôles. I predict that she will reach starring heights in 1934.

ROSE ELEANOR LEFCO,
916 N. Hawthorne Road,
Winston-Salem, N. C.

No Nudes Is Good News

LET me protest strongly against the idea propounded by Jay Brien Chapman in his article "Undraped Movies." Aren't they sufficiently undraped the way they are now? Further, I think most of my favorite stars would lose their charm and personality if they were exposed in the nude.

Such a daring venture would draw crowds to the theatre for a time, then their curiosity would abate and they would clamor for the stylish wardrobes these stars now exhibit. All things considered, our stars are prettier in their charm-suggesting fashions than they would be "in the raw."

OLIVIER LEFEBVRE,
3859 Claude St., Montreal, Canada.



Peggy deserves a break

More Power to Peggy

PEGGY SHANNON'S marvelous work in *Society Girl* deserves a reward. The rôles she has had in her latest pictures have not been worthy of her but they have shown that she has that certain something which all great stars have. May she attain to those heights for which she has so valiantly struggled and which she is so capable of reaching!

($5.00 Letter)

FLOYD WHITE,
209 Pacific Ave., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

HOLLYWOOD

Rudy's Vagabond Dreams

Continued from page thirty-one

By September 1932 they had signed a separation agreement and Fay was on her way home to papa, who is chief of police in Santa Monica. At this time there seemed to be no intention of divorce. Fay, however, slipped out of town without seeing reporters and turned up in Reno a few days later, announcing her intention of establishing a separate residence in order to untie the knot.

But it was not the end—not quite. Fay called Rudy by long distance phone at Atlantic City, where he was fulfilling an orchestra engagement. No one knew what conversation took place between them, but afterwards Fay said to reporters: "It was all a mistake. I was a little fool to think of divorce. Rudy and I are madly in love with each other."

This reunion was brief. Kathleen Smythe Leon filed suit against Fay, charging alienation of the affections of her husband, Gary Leon, the adagio dancer who later figured in the charges and counter-charges that flew back and forth in the New York tabloids.

When Fay unexpectedly filed a suit for separate maintenance—$7,450 a month she asked—a storm of headlines broke: "FAY'S LOVE SECRETS BARED BY VALLEE." "FAY'S LAWYER THREATENS 'SENSATION' IF RUDY SUES." "FAY PINS THREE 'JANE DOES' ON RUDY LOVE LIST."

DAY AFTER DAY the parade of big type went on while Rudy, hard at work on *The Scandals* at the Fox studios in Hollywood, tried desperately to keep up a killing pace—conferring with his attorneys . . . rehearsing his band . . . organizing his broadcasts . . . interviewing insistent reporters . . . It was little wonder that his nerves were lashed raw and he became irritable as he faced the situation day after day. He is just an idealistic boy at heart and the idea that what started as love could reap such a whirlwind was a shattering blow. His vagabond dreams have collapsed again.

What he hoped might be an amiable separation and divorce became a pitched battle with every move in each camp spotlighted by the newspapers.

As this is written, Rudy Vallée is still struggling with the broken fragments of his private life. Bewildered, he is trying to piece them together again.

He refuses to talk, even of Alice Faye, the lovely eighteen-year-old girl who starred in his radio shows and who is now well on the road to screen stardom.

Here, too, it appears that Rudy may eventually face disillusionment providing of course that his interest in Miss Faye should go deeper than mere friendship. Alice has a career of her own and is fast learning the fascination of a new world. Gossip from Hollywood insists that she is very much interested in handsome Lanny Ross, who went to Hollywood from New York's radio broadcasting studios to try his hand at the movies.

Through it all Vallée has behaved with admirable gallantry while under fire. His mistakes, it appears, have been only in his judgment of others. If today he is a tired, disillusioned young man, those who admire him need have little cause for worry. He is young—and youth recovers quickly.



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THE NEW YORK OFFICE of Radio pictures was thrown into a state of wild confusion over the visit of Dolores Del Rio. Dolores made the trip by plane but failed to arrive per schedule and her reception committee was frantic when it was discovered that her plane was lost. Long sighs of relief were drawn when the star arrived hours later to explain that her ship had been forced down in a heavy fog, the pilot narrowly averting a tragic accident as he landed the ship at an emergency field.

●

This is a true story that strains credulity to the utmost. A certain dance director at a major studio rehearsed a chorus for two whole weeks on a sound stage before he discovered that he had the wrong chorus and the wrong picture.

●

More than two years ago, Jean Harlow made her first appearance at a cocktail party in New York, just before her first picture. Poor Jean sat off in a corner while blasé newspapermen ignored her completely in favor of Scotch highballs. When Jean comes to town now, it's an entirely different story. Jean is probably the only star in pictures who can make a newspaperman forget his drinks.

●

Does Katharine Hepburn remember the time she drove down Broadway with a young man of the press and crashed through a red light? An irate copper approached the car bellowing, "Hey,



***Helen Hayes and Helen Menken in* Mary of Scotland**

where the h— do you think you're going?" Katy leaned out of the window and shouted back, "And what the h— is it to you?" John Law's jaw fell to the pavement and, speechless at such audacity, he motioned the car on!

BROADWAY BITS—Walter Huston, looking very worried, posing for news cameramen at the AMPA luncheon. Walter probably gets that look from being president so much. . . . Dolores Del Rio doing the town with her handsome husband, Cedric Gibbons. Gibbons is



Fredric March vacationed in New York

very much in the limelight now, having turned from his duties as studio art director to the job of megging *Tarzan and His Mate* with Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan. . . . New York is filled with ghosts of Hollywood's forgotten past. Olive Borden, once one of the biggest stars on the Fox lot, still comely and charming, is appearing in shorts in a Long Island studio. Mary Nolan, the tragic star whose life has been a series of sensational newspaper headlines, is now living in obscurity in a small apartment. There are many others, too . . . Claire Windsor, lovelier than ever, in town for a few days and stopping at the swank St. Moritz. She's bound for a southern holiday, with no picture plans in the offing—as yet. . . .

●

Helen Hayes says she is so happy in New York that she doesn't care if she ever gets back to Hollywood. Helen is doing *Mary of Scotland* on the stage and queening it for the benefit of other Hollywood stars who come to see her just to get a glimpse of how it's done so they'll be prepared for the "queen" picture cycle which has hit Hollywood with a bang. Helen is living in a tiny house with her husband, Charlie MacArthur, and her young daughter.

●

Betty Furness has been having the time of her life doing New York in the grand manner . . . New Yawk's men-about-town giving her a grand rush to all the newest shows.

HOLLYWOOD

Garbo Finds Love

Continued from page twenty-nine

rather tired, somber expression in moments of repose or abstraction would change fleetingly. She'd usually reply, "I'm all right" or, "Yes, yes, I feel well."

Hollywood rumor to the contrary, I do not think there is anything seriously wrong with Greta's health. She may suffer one of the milder forms of chronic anemia, which would account for the extreme pallor of her complexion. Her familiar pose of exhaustion, I think, is just a method of working. When she is not working on a picture, I have on an occasion or two seen her waste a good deal of energy quite playfully. When she is making a picture, she relaxes all the time except when she is actually before the camera. This enables her to pour into her scenes every bit of her hoarded energy. You'll agree that her scenes are forceful enough—hardly what anyone could call anemic.

I cannot describe my own scenes in Greta's picture, nor speak of any specific friendly relations between us, for while I do not believe it is true that "telling on Greta" for publication leads to professional blacklisting at her studio, one can't take chances. Hence my identity is rather carefully disguised here. I can, however, give you an idea of Greta's relations with other fellow-workers on her picture. Let me assure you, she pays no attention to their social, professional, official or material rank.

"Hello, you!" I heard her say to a minor company employee. It was spoken as a roughly affectionate greeting.

At other times, she would lightly rest a hand on someone's shoulder.

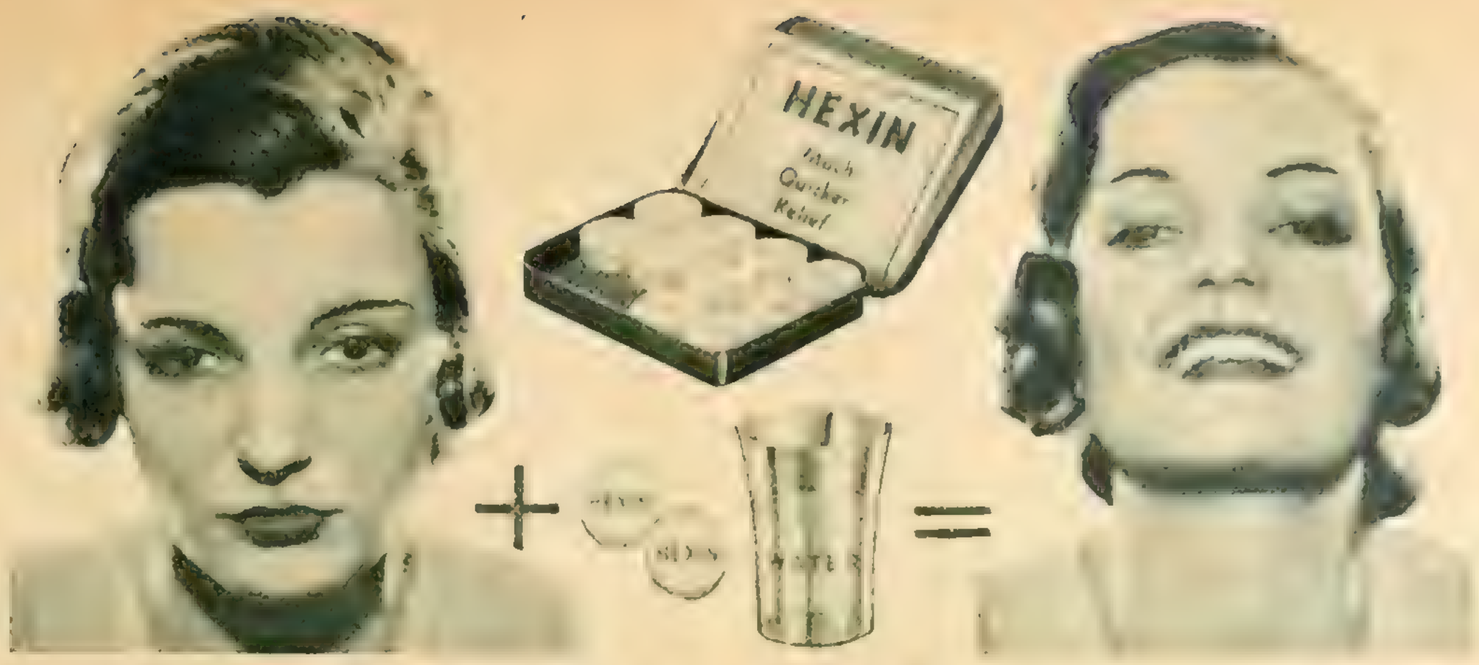
An electrician ripped open his thumb on a piece of jagged metal. I had not heard her speak to him before, but he was evidently an old hand with the company, for she at once expressed sympathy, and called him by his first name. Several times afterward I heard her refer to his injury, and warn him not to let it get infected. Once as I passed behind her chair, unnoticed, I heard a few words of a lecture she was giving him on the habits and friendliness of germs.

When she does laugh—that's not often—her mirth is the loud and hearty sort. Mostly she expresses her amusement by a low chuckle, hardly audible.

You may have speculated mentally on Greta's reactions to the many jokes about herself, often quite brutal ones, seen in print, heard on the air, and lately, given in talking cartoon pictures. I had a chance to watch her reaction to one of them, and it was most revealing.

It seems she had seen the movie cartoon of herself in which her weird caricature sits at a table in a restaurant and orders a piece of pie in a deep and doleful bass voice. Next morning she described this to some of her co-workers on the set, and acted it out for us. She soon demonstrated that she could caricature herself even more amusingly than the cartoon had done.

Evidently Greta's much-heralded sensitiveness isn't pricked by gibes directed at her person. Rather, she is amused by them. I have seen her glancing at stories about herself in motion picture magazines, heard her occasional chuckle, and knew she was reading about herself with interest and good-natured amusement.



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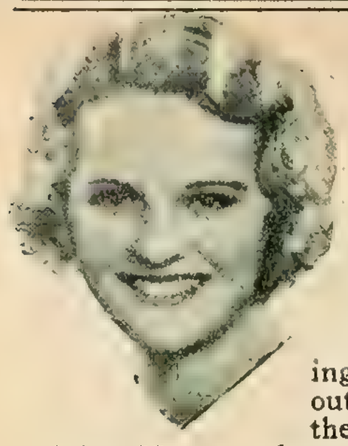
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She Finishes What She Starts

Continued from page thirty-six

George didn't argue, but he quickly bundled her into a car and took her straight to her doctor's office for the second blood count that day.

Both George and Joan had their way. The remaining shots were taken, but not for eleven days because the doctor's first words when he saw the result of the blood count were, "No more stalling. An operation has to be soon."

"Yes," Joan agreed. "I was just telling George there is only a shot or two tomorrow."

"The only shot you'll have is an anaesthetic within the hour," her doctor commanded. To George he remarked, "Drive straight to the hospital."

That was that. In spite of vain sputterings, Joan was operated upon as her doctor had said, "within the hour."

A Week Later when I walked into Joan's hospital room I found her sitting up in bed. Casually I mentioned the unfinished picture.

"It wasn't so serious, not getting to make those last shots," Joan confessed. "I can still do them because it just happens the script calls for me to be in bed."

So that was what had been in Joan's mind as she had lain there passively! Sure enough, the next thing I heard Joan was home. At the studio they had finished everyone else's part except Joan's final scene with Pat O'Brien and that was going to be taken in Joan's own home the next day.

Early that morning the neighbors looked out to see Warner's big trucks loaded with powerful lamps, cameras and set equipment backing up and unloading at the Barnes'. Forty-one men came along to shoot that little scene. Inside Joan's nurse was fluttering around.

"She shouldn't do it," she fumed. "But she's bound and determined. Thwarting her is worse than to let her do it."

Joan was sitting up in bed all dressed up in the studio lace-trimmed gown and a frilly negligee, her eyes dancing with excitement. "I'm ready, George. Come on and take me down," she called.

Downstairs Joan's living room had been transformed into a studio set. A long silk throw was hung from the balcony railing as a background for the bed.

It Was Eleven days since Joan had seen all the stage force assembled but here they were, overflowing the living-room, up the steps into the dining-room. She was thrilled and excited at seeing them all again. "Hello, everybody," she called gayly from the second landing.

There was an effort at a genial response which faded into a hushed silence as Joan was gently laid on the bed. It was a strange, tense moment. Later one of the technicians said, "It suddenly hit us all when we saw Miss Blondell being carried down those steps, still looking plenty sick, that here we were, all hale and hearty, so engrossed in studio business that unwittingly we were using up the only bit of reserve strength the girl had, just to be able to finish a job."

Of course the truth was the studio had not suggested such a thing. It was Joan's own plan.

This pluck of Joan's in determining to finish her picture at any cost to herself will make *I've Got Your Number*, when I see it on the screen, a little different picture to me than it would have been.

◆

Laughing Lady

Continued from page thirty-seven

won that scholarship. I might now be eking out a living giving piano lessons!"

Once launched on a film career, Colleen became tremendously ambitious. She determined to reach the top. Naturally serious and conscientious, she lived, moved and had her very being in pictures. She married the brilliant young producer, John McCormick, and together they climbed to fame and fortune.

Colleen Has Been called a petted child of the gods. In reality her success was won at the sacrifice of everything else.

"Work owned me body and soul," she told me. "I knew everyone in Hollywood, yet had few friends. Even when I went to parties I didn't have a good time. I was always thinking, worrying and planning about tomorrow's work. Usually we were too tired to entertain; but when we did the conversation was all about percentages, distribution, lack of good stories—nothing but pictures, pictures!

"Even my first and only trip to Europe, which I had anticipated for years, turned into a business venture. I met foreign executives, I ran here and there making personal appearances, sat through tiresome dinners and listened to endless discussions. Not one minute was allowed me for sight-seeing or pleasure.

"I gradually woke up to the fact that I was missing everything. It was as if I were sitting on the curbstone watching life go gaily by but having no share in it."

In consequence, after winning success and a large fortune together—but missing the road to happiness, things began to happen between Colleen and John. The only solution seemed separation which led, in turn, to divorce.

"Following this climax in my life, I went to New York," continued Colleen. "There to my surprise, I met charming people who had other interests besides their work. I went to Florida, then to the Bahamas, and learned to play—for the first time in my life.

"Of course, it was Al who really taught me how to get the right perspective on life, how to find pleasure in work without letting it absorb me. He has a won-

derful viewpoint. He wakes up with a laugh and goes to bed with a smile. He loves his business but it never dominates him."

After A Pause, Colleen continued, with a grin, "Wouldn't it be dreadful if Al and I should ever get talked out? You have no idea what chatterers we are. We can hardly wait to get together after even an hour's separation, we have so much to say to each other. And *laugh!* Why, we laugh all the time.

"We like to play jokes on each other. Al's greatest triumph was once when I was trying out a play in Lima, Ohio. Unknown to me, he flew out from New York in time to catch the evening performance.

"In the last act, I stood leaning against a big trunk, weeping my heart out. It was my big scene. Suddenly I heard a voice saying, 'Lady, I've come for the trunk,' and there was Al, all dressed up in a drayman's uniform, hauling the trunk from under me. The audience howled. They thought it was part of the show.

"I evened matters with him last year when we were in California. Al had to go East. I flew to Albuquerque, to meet him on his return and when he stepped from the train there I sat on the platform among the Indians, with a blanket over my head trying to sell trinkets to the tourists."

There is still another vital change in Colleen's life. She has become clothes conscious. "Do you remember," she laughs, "those awful things I used to wear? I shudder when I recall them. I was interested in what I wore in my pictures and realized their importance in building up my characters, but I was dumb about my personal wardrobe. My favorite costume used to be a sweater and an old skirt.

"It was after I married Al, that I woke up to what clothes really mean in a woman's life. One night, he said, 'I sometimes wonder where you buy your dresses.'

"I looked into the mirror. I saw nothing wrong. 'Don't you like this?' I naïvely asked.

"'I should say not! It's terrible!' he exploded.

"Suddenly, I realized what he meant. The next day I went to a famous New York designer, a friend of mine, and for two years she bought all my clothes and taught me what was right and what was wrong. Now, I adore shopping, I love pretty clothes and enjoy their subtle influence on my moods."

Colleen's eyes may have been clouded with ambition at one time. But now she sees clearly. She has an intriguing way of appraising herself yet she is unspoiled, gaily alive and wholly spontaneous.

With her alert intelligence and the experiences that taught her true values, she seems destined to win any old goal on which she sets her heart. And *happiness* is that goal!

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April

Romantic MOVIE STORIES



Peg Runs Away

Continued from page twenty

hours of almost continual flying just to rid herself of that nameless fear.

"I'LL probably have to escape rather frequently to keep my perspective in this place—" Peg's feet landed on top a desk and she settled back on the divan. "Everything is so darn out of proportion here. You feel you're living in a world where nothing is quite real."

And realism is the outstanding quality in this Margaret Sullavan. There isn't an ounce of "show" in her. She was so anxious not to have her friends think that she'd suddenly become elegant from all the "dressed-up" pictures of her being published that she did what no star has ever done before. She ordered a hundred un-retouched photos of herself—fluttering trousers, tousled hair and all—sent them. "Can't let them believe Peg Sullavan has let Hollywood change her!" she informed me.

No, but the Peg Sullavans and the Katharine Hepburns and the Margaret Lindsays are bidding fair to change Hollywood!

It's a fact. They've broken every precedent of the film famous. Imagine any beauty a short time ago daring to dash around in dungarees, completely innocent of lipstick!

But these girls—and all three have had good family background and careful schooling—go around looking like young rebels from the backwoods. They have rebelled—against the false glitter, the former showy brilliance of movie town. They've deliberately plunged to the other extreme—the casual indifference towards dress of a twelve-year-old tomboy.

I REMEMBER standing on the set one day during the beginning of production on *Only Yesterday*. Fashionably gowned extras moved about. Gentlemen with faultless English accents.

"Who," asked one of them, "is that little scamp climbing up the scaffold? She's been here every day watching things from up on the rafters or on top the sound booth. . . . Not the script girl, is she?"

"No," I assured him. "She's not the script girl. That is the new leading woman of this play, Margaret Sullavan!"

He looked aghast. "*That* little brat in the dirty pants?"

Margaret shrieked when we told her. She adores jokes on herself, this "five foot, two inch daughter of old Virginia who dared to make a way for herself on the stage—and wound up in Hollywood.

For days before she was needed in front of the camera she was on the set studying screen technique from every angle. Once I heard John Stahl, the director, tell her: "You'll be a star when this picture is released!" And John isn't given to idle prophecies or flattery.

Which is why, when the clamor and Sullavan craze rose to a white heat, I went to him.

"How did you know this would happen?" I asked.

"Because that part was a perfect blend with her personality. Someone essentially honest," he said thoughtfully. "To be quite frank, I wanted a girl who was un-glamorous. The kind of girl who might remind the audience of their next-door neighbor. I wanted her *real*. It wasn't possible to use a well known movie actress in the rôle and I had seen Margaret in the New York production of *Chrysalis*.

"Later I saw a test of her out here . . . I don't think she knows one trick of the theatre. She doesn't need to. She acts exactly what she feels. And I can tell you this—that after working with her for fourteen weeks it is her sincerity and sweetness that stand out. The same qualities that made Janet Gaynor one of the top-notchers. It will be very interesting to see what happens next. Her second picture will be the real test. . . ."

So right now Margaret Sullavan stands under suspended sentence in Hollywood!

HER FILM FATE has yet to be decided—and she may have to serve a thirty-day stretch in the local jail! That came about rather strangely.

On her first day off from making *Only Yesterday* Margaret went driving over the shaded roads of Laurel Canyon. She drives like she thinks—*fast*. A motorcycle cop took objection to her speed. As he was writing out the little pink ticket, Margaret threw away her cigarette. After the forest fires that have raged around these hills that is one of the worst crimes you can commit in California. But she didn't know.

I'm willing to wager that the next hour was not precisely pleasant for the cop until he hauled her into court. They put Peg behind the bars and it wasn't fifteen minutes before she'd learned the love life of a very ebony-colored lady. When harried studio officials found her, her "free" day was over and she was sitting contentedly in her cell listening to a shoplifter discuss the traits of canary birds.

The judge let her out under suspended sentence. But one wrong turn and Peg will serve for a month. "It's like walking a tight rope when I drive now. Every stop sign makes me shudder!" Her old Ford coupe seems to know about it—because it shudders too.

A FORD COUPE—for a girl who gets more a year than the President of the United States. It's a tremendous thing and unbalancing for anyone who's been getting $150 to jump suddenly to $2,000 a week. And Peg is fighting with all her might to retain a sane grasp of things. She refuses to be impressed by salaries, studios or star-shine.

She didn't even wait for the preview of her first picture before rushing home to Norfolk. She was gone three months—and when she returned it was to find herself Hollywood's newest flash. Almost immediately she ran away.

"I'm going every time I feel myself being pushed to the wall," says Peg.

In the meantime she faces the crisis of her career in her second picture. So much depends on it. Lowell Sherman will direct. The man who directed two brilliant stars last year—Katharine Hepburn and Mae West. Under his guidance they "rose and shone." Katy in *Morning Glory* and Mae in that classic of the age, *She Done Him Wrong*. What will he do with Peg Sullavan in *Elizabeth and Mary?* Bring out another Peg even more finely polished and with greater finesse?

Dick Arlen Says Don't!

Continued from page thirty-three

why or being able to help himself. Poverty, I can tell you, is almost fatal to romance.

"One morning after the baby came, a pal of mine and I went out and 'lifted' a couple of bottles of milk for her breakfast. Neither of us had a dime and that sort of thing doesn't make a man feel too good.

"It couldn't last. She was an excellent sport but the marriage ended where such marriages generally do."

Dick took a quick turn around the room, then he said abruptly: "It's like this: A man must get established before he even thinks of proposing to a girl. He ought to fight to get a foothold first. And it's seldom he can do that under twenty-five. *His* business is being the provider. Take that away from him and his marriage hasn't half a chance.

"Long after Ruth and I were divorced and she'd found happiness elsewhere, someone told me a very significant thing: 'Marriage doesn't consist merely of having a line read over you by a minister. It consists of forming a *life partnership.*' That set me to thinking. One doesn't select a business associate without knowing a great deal about him—his integrity, where he stood in the community and so on. Partners. None of this plunging in the dark or we-can-divorce-if-we-don't-like-it stuff. That's setting up obstacles for yourself at the very outset.

"Make it a fifty-fifty proposition all the way through, viewed from a mature slant." And that is what Jobyna Ralston and Dick have tried to do. It's the answer to why their union is one of the most beautiful in all Hollywood.

"I don't believe a man ever had a better partner than Joby," mused Dick. "You see, we made up our minds to pass over the small things. You can only do that when you're older. Everyday trifles, no matter how annoying, never loom up so big then.

"Maybe parents make the path too easy for their kids. The youngsters ought to be taught right at the beginning the meaning of a fair bargain—to share certain family responsibilities. Now it's the other way around. How many times have you seen a middle-aged couple doing without things so their Johnny can have silk socks at college? Only to have him come home so high-hat he won't take a place in family life.

"I don't expect to do that with my son! He'll follow the track along with Joby and me. Neither ahead nor behind. *And if I can drum some sense into him he will not marry before he's twenty-five!*"

Talkietown's Like That

HOLLYWOOD IS JUST a nutty jig-saw puzzle to eighty-four-year-old Bartholomew Durante, father of the Schnozzle, who is paying his first visit to the land of the stars.

"The girls wear trousers and the boys wear bérets," mused Jimmy's sire after looking over the crowds along Hollywood Boulevard. "What are they doing—playing a game?"

Bartholomew insists that Jimmy inherited his talent from him, even though he got his long nose somewhere else.

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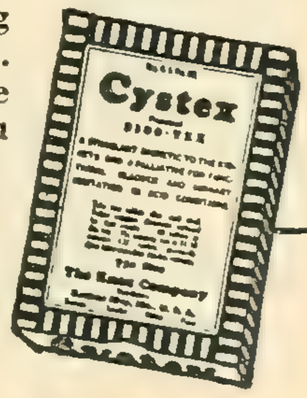
YOU have 9 million tiny tubes or filters in your Kidneys, which are at work night and day cleaning out Acids and poisonous wastes and purifying your blood, which circulates through your Kidneys 200 times an hour. So it's no wonder that poorly functioning Kidneys may be the real cause of feeling tired, run-down, nervous, Getting Up Nights, Rheumatic Pains and other troubles.

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Medical Director

City Health Doctor Praises Cystex

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31x5.25-21	3.25	1.15	33x5	3.75	1.45
28x5.50-18	3.35	1.15	36x5	3.95	1.55
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Is Success Ruining Hepburn?

Continued from page nineteen

same brilliant ability, the same complete understanding of picture-making. But only Katharine Hepburn had recognized it and gone from one producer to another, talking about it. "This man has something. He must be given an opportunity—for the sake of *pictures!*"

IT WAS ON THE DAY after the criticisms of *The Lake* had appeared—in which she is acting in New York—that I talked to George Cukor about her. She had telephoned him, the evening before. She had been discouraged. Critics had not all been kind to her though many had said she was good—but that play was bad. She had been disappointed in herself. And to be disappointed in self is the greatest discouragement to a Hepburn.

"She has reached success. There is nothing more difficult than to be a *successful* actress. To get success is hard. To hold it—" He shook his head. "It's difficult for anyone in any line of work but it is much worse for an actress. I tried to make her understand what she is facing now. She is recognized as *great.* She has that feeling that she must be *really* great—" There was real sympathy in his voice. He had watched her upwards; he had helped her climb. But he knew that no one could help her through that hot flame which must continually sear her, now—"I must top myself!"

He pondered a moment. "She must have plays where she can *burst their seams.* Just a good play is not enough. She requires a *great* acting part. She has hit a great thing. Her conscious integrity (the honesty with self!) is alive on the screen. She doesn't like anything shoddy. Her judgment is not perfect." He smiled. "But if she does *Joan of Arc,* as she hopes, she may make it a true classic. We will never know what she can do, until—. Perhaps Shakespeare played by a great actress might bring an enormous popularity; unprecedented. Juliet in *Romeo and Juliet.* A Juliet that was *divine*—"

He relaxed. I do not believe that he realized that he had let us peep through the veils shrouding this woman, today, as she stands on the threshold of a future which must bring us, indeed, performances that burst the seams or performances which will drop her backwards into average mediocrity.

"OF COURSE, I CAN'T see her with the glamour of one sitting in the front row in the balcony and watching her on the screen or the stage. No director can. It is not glamour to us. But an actress either has excitement or she hasn't. *Katy has excitement!*"

Suddenly, his lips tightened. His eyes became electrical points, flashing warning signals. I knew why they said Katharine Hepburn must have prayed in thankfulness that he had not killed her.

"Why don't you writers leave her alone? She *must* be left alone. She is a woman who must be judged by what you see on the screen. She is not a ham or an exhibitionist. She has no phoney kind of democracy. The kind that is nice to everybody. She does not include everyone in a general smile. When she



—*Wide World*

The romantic marriage of Dorothy Mackaill and Neil Miller has ended in separation with divorce to follow. Miss Mackaill, whose screen popularity dimmed with the advent of the talkies, is rumored to be planning a comeback

smiles at you, the smile is for you—a human being.

"She has a brittle veneer. She allows few people to penetrate it. When she does—she is defenseless. She *can't* admit many people. A ham actor can be nice to everybody. Smile at you because you are a writer and can say nice things about her. Katy can't.

"I could have choked the editor who printed that picture of her with her hands over her face at the tennis matches. She *can't* let people do those things. Let her wear dungarees. Let her be herself. Her family. She adores that family. That long porch on her home at Hartford. That big family gathering each afternoon, for tea. Katy carrying a tea tray that weighs seventy-five pounds to wait on them. Let her keep that family to herself.

"She respects herself. She wouldn't allow even a financial sacrifice to impair the quality of her work—"

HE WAS STILL talking, his hands pounding the table between us. "She has a sense of humor. A sense of absurdity about herself. She laughs at herself constantly. No self-consciousness. A marvelous abandon. Do you know what that means before a camera? Well, let her keep it. Don't make her self-conscious. Don't make her think about herself to take pictures at tennis matches!

"We were making *Bill of Divorcement.* Mr. Tinker, president of the Fox Film company, had come onto the set—a special dispensation. The scene was simple. All she had to do was to pick up the 'phone; walk up the steps. She fell flat on her face. Things like that are constantly happening to her. She picked herself up, laughing madly. To her, it was terribly funny. No self-consciousness. Leave her alone. Let the *hams* tell you about themselves. The ones who like to talk about themselves!

"She is quite prim, at heart. She's naturally a good Hartford girl, you know. Let her keep it. She's naturally shy. I

know. I took her to a party. She was nervous-shy. I kidded her.

"She must be let alone. And then if you meet her and she smiles at you, you know she is smiling at *you*. Not at the whole world. Not because you write about stars. Wouldn't you rather have her smile just at you? Wouldn't you rather know a woman who pays you the compliment of being a human being?"

There were tears in my eyes. I had hounded Katharine, myself. I had come away—ashamed. I had not understood exactly why. Now, I did. George Cukor, the person who knows her better than anyone in Hollywood, had shown me. I left him with two hopes: That Katharine Hepburn would smile at me. That those two might make pictures together for ever and ever.

◆

The Women In My Life

Continued from page twenty-three

myself. I realized that I had lost her and that taught me the lesson in humility I needed. I went to her and told her that I had learned my lesson. We had a long talk and decided to try again. I *had* learned my lesson, too. A large portion of the conceit and selfishness had been taken out of me and we got along swell. Recently there was a report that we were contemplating a divorce but I want to say right now that it's all the bunk. We were never farther from it than we are right now.

If It Hadn't been for Dixie, I'd still be a "bum." But our reconciliation put me on a new track. I decided to quit drifting and make something out of myself. I'm not crossing any bridges until I get to them; but I'm not taking any chances with my financial future, either. That's why I've had myself incorporated under the name of *Bing Crosby, Ltd.* I'm president and my brother Everett, also my business manager, is secretary. And every cent I make is going into that corporation.

Dixie and I are trying to protect our future. We've built a home at Toluca Lake a few miles from Hollywood and there's a tenant in the nursery. His name is Gary Evan Crosby (although we call him *Gunder*) and that just about brings the story up to date.

I'm not much good at describing my feelings about things—the things that go on inside of me. When I used to croon a love song, it was more or less meaningless. But that was before I met Dixie and learned what love really means. When I go on the air and sing a love song now, it comes from my heart. I feel as though I want everybody listening in to be as happy and as much in love as Dixie and I are. And perhaps this new slant on life has something to do with my making better pictures, too.

I have an idea that I was expected to get more romance into this yarn. I'm sorry; but you see, I never had but one and it means so much to me that I sort of choke up when I try to write about it and I . . . aw, you know how it is.

And there you have the story of the women in my life—Mother, Mildred, Elsie and Dixie. They're grand women and I'm immeasurably grateful to every one of them. They've done a wonderful job, considering what they had to work with!

WHICH SKIN FAULT IS SPOILING YOUR BEAUTY?

◆

LARGE PORES?

BLACKHEADS?

PIMPLES?

OILY SKIN?

CHAPPED HANDS?

●



For new beauty use this *medicated* corrective cream

—*say scores of nurses*

Among the 6,000,000 women who are now using this new kind of corrective cream, there are thousands of trained nurses. And they ought to know what's really good for the skin! Their training has taught them what the skin *needs* to keep it healthy and beautiful.



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Harry Carr's Shooting Script

Continued from page thirty-nine

Now Will You Behave?

I DON'T know how it is with others; but I am getting tired of Katharine Hepburn's "line"—although I am not tired of Katharine Hepburn.

She had a tailor sew patches on her overall pants and we all know about it. And she says she isn't married; then says she is married and leaves us to guess. I am tired of guessing. And after all, does it matter so much?

All this guying the public may have helped some when Miss Hepburn was struggling her way into screen fame; but now she is famous.

Of all the girls in Hollywood, she is the surest for lasting position. She doesn't need the rest of it now. She is there; and will stick.

Incidentally I don't believe that a good hard flop did her any harm. And she certainly got one in that stage play, *The Lake*.

It was all wet. Excuse me.

My Mad Moment

MY PRESENT MAD moment is Myrna Loy.

I like to fool around with the science of comparative physiognomy—comparing people to animals. For instance, Wally Beery is a truck horse. Marie Dressler a waddling old sheep dog. Max Baer is also a horse. John Barrymore a whippet . . . Dorothea Wieck a beautiful setter dog . . .

Well, then, Myrna Loy is twins—one of her is a bird, preening its feathers and the other of her is a Persian cat. I'm for both.

It is odd—is it not—that two of the glowing sensations of last fall should have been two girls who had tried and failed? Katharine Hepburn had been fired so often as a failure that she must have a collection of "closing" notices; and Myrna was turned loose twice by companies who now would give their shirts to get her back.

The Prize Fighters

NO ONE can think of Myrna Loy without thinking of *The Prize-fighter and the Lady*.

With three leading names which were not screen names, I'll bet the cost sheet of that picture looked like the French national debt. They had to pay Primo Carnera $30,000 and agree that his size would not be kidded and that he would not be licked in the screen fight by Max Baer.

Maxie just played himself in that picture. Maybe that was why he was so good. I saw him in Reno two years ago in his fight with Paolino Uzcudun. They had to lock him in his training quarters to keep him away from the girls. And even then, did not succeed.

To put on two fighters matched for the championship of the world in a screen fight was one of the smartest pieces of showmanship in the history of Hollywood.

The picture earned more money than the fight will earn.



—Frank Buckingham

Carl Brisson, European stage favorite, recently arrived in America to enter Paramount Pictures. Garbo is said to have been in love with him at one time

Why Not Max?

AT THIS WRITING, Cecil B. DeMille is moaning around the country because he can't find an actor who looks like Marc Anthony to play opposite Claudette Colbert in *Cleopatra*.

Why doesn't he try Max Baer? The boy really can act. According to all accounts left by history, Marc was a jovial rough-neck Roman cavalry officer. He and Cleopatra used to go around Alexandria knocking at people's doors and running away when they came. One time they went fishing and Cleopatra sent down a diver to fasten a dead fish on his line. Marc was a pretty good barroom joker.

Too Few Clothes

IF I were the beauteous Claudette, I should be nervous about the part. It has a jinx tied to it. It ruined Theda Bara. Taking off too many clothes also ruined Betty Blythe when she played Queen of Sheba.

According to the best records there are, the real Cleopatra did not look like Claudette Colbert anyhow. It is recorded that she was very small and had a voice so beautiful that every historian has commented upon it.

Joel Goes Altarward

THE PERENNIAL young bachelor, Joel McCrea, has walked up the rice aisle at last. And with lovely Frances Dee.

I can only hope that this marriage will escape the rocks that have wrecked most of the others. They both are cultured, charming young people with fine old families in the background. And, after all, do Hollywood marriages always have to fail?

HOLLYWOOD

Joan's Beauty Tricks

Continued from page forty-two

thing strongly appealing about that look. A side glance from half-closed eyes can be extremely alluring. But there's more to that wide-open, straight-forward look of Joan's than to all the siren glances in the world.

Of late she's been delicately penciling her eyebrows in their natural arch. No more angles. That arch and the backward sweep of her hair off her forehead lend her a certain serenity that is in impressive contrast to the intensity of her eyes and the drama of her mouth.

It is that which has given Joan Crawford new glamour.

"My career," Joan said to me once, "has taught me that *correct make-up* is one of the most important factors in a woman's life story. I've learned that by a periodic altering of the method of make-up you can change your whole appearance. The chief thing to remember is to use reliable cosmetics and *those that are natural to you.*

"For instance, I hated being a blonde. Do you know, Mr. Factor, I wouldn't look in the mirror when my hair was light! I did it simply for the cameraman's sake but I never felt quite myself. It's funny to see a stranger looking back at you from the glass. When my hair was red it made me feel rather dashing and different. But oh, I'm so glad to have my original chestnut brown hair back again! Actresses sometimes have to change the shade of their hair for a rôle but I'd advise anyone else not to do it!"

JOAN HAS LIKEWISE discovered how essential a clear, smooth skin is for beauty. And to have that kind of skin one must keep it clean and supple! Joan does this with two special creams—I'll give you the names if you write for them. Her particular little trick is to remove the cleansing cream with cotton dampened in hot water in place of the ordinary tissues.

Joan doesn't depend on creams alone to keep her beautiful skin. She has found out that one must have active blood circulation. To achieve this end she doesn't exercise, but she does believe in dancing.

"You don't have to be a real dancer to get the good out of it. You don't have to take lessons. But to any woman who feels she's getting listless and heavy and in a rut I'd say, *dance!* Roll up the rugs in your room, turn on the radio and do any steps the music suggests.

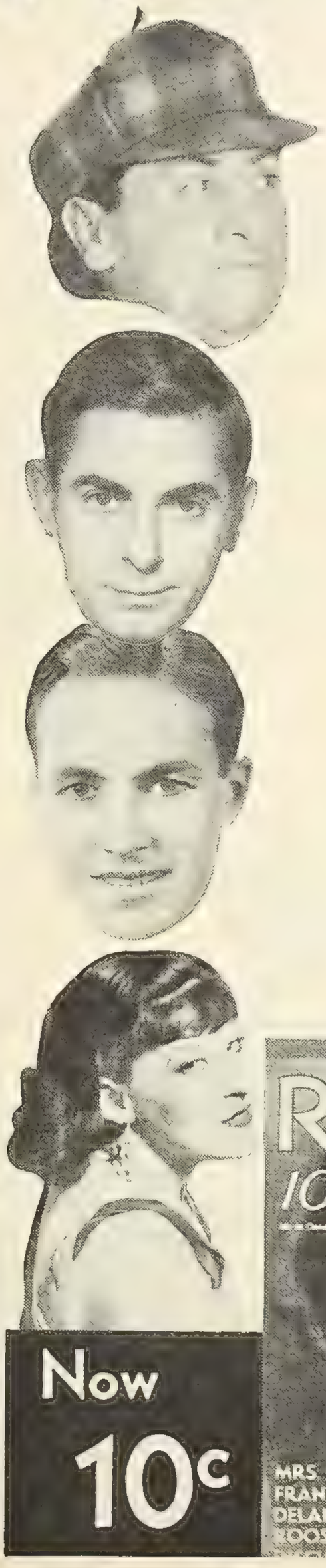
"Let me tell you something. The other night I went home from the studio terribly tired and, as is usually the case when vitality is low, I was depressed. Instead of lying down, I put on a record on the victrola and started dancing all by myself. Instantly, the outer world ceased to exist. If you let yourself go, you relax perfectly—and doctors say that's the first aid to physical perfection. I know that in a half hour I was a new person.

"I honestly think the habit of daily dancing plus a grand new make-up could change a girl's whole life! Try getting by yourself in an airy room and swinging your arms and kicking to your heart's content. Then go to your mirror. Begin making a fascinating new face for yourself with colors that work into your very own coloring—and see what happens!"

What Mrs. Roosevelt Thinks of Radio

The First Lady of the Land speaks for millions of women in an unusually frank discussion of Radio, its successes and failures, its faults and possibilities. Her own experiences as a radio speaker and listener have equipped her with an unusually broad understanding of all its aspects, and you won't want to miss her revealing interview in the big April issue of

RADIOLAND

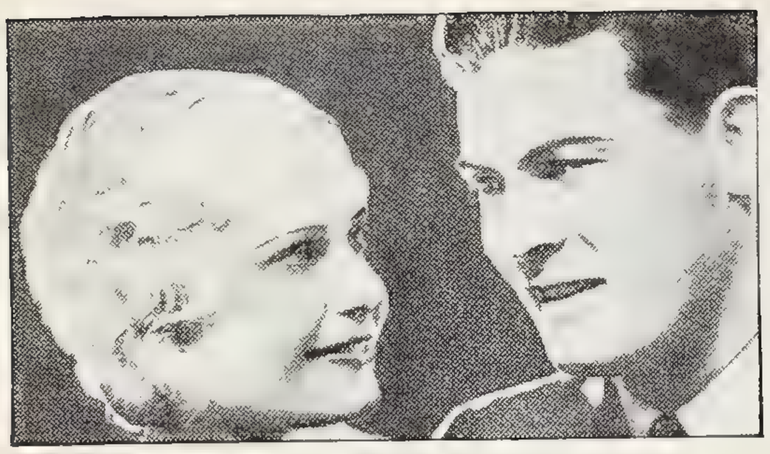


In this same number is a challenging story of the exodus of movie stars from Hollywood studios to the microphone. It's called "Radio Gold Lures Hollywood Stars", and lifts the curtain on an extraordinary situation in the entertainment world. And you won't want to miss the opening chapters of the most fascinating story yet to come from the pen of Nina Wilcox Putnam—a breathtaking romance of the broadcast studios, "Radio Romeo"

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A new and revolutionary religious teaching based entirely on the misunderstood sayings of the Galilean Carpenter, and designed to show how we may find, understand and use the same identical power which Jesus used in performing his so-called miracles, is attracting world wide attention to its founder, Dr. Frank B. Robinson, noted psychologist, author and lecturer. "Psychiana," this New Psychological Religion, believes and teaches that it is today possible for every normal human being, understanding spiritual law as Christ understood it, to duplicate every work that the Carpenter of Galilee ever did, even to raising the dead—it believes and teaches that when He said, "the things that I do shall Ye do also" He meant what He said and meant it literally to apply to all mankind, through all the ages.

Dr. Robinson has prepared a 6,000 word treatise on "Psychiana," in which he tells about his long search for the Truth, how he finally came to the full realization of an Unseen Power or force so dynamic in itself that all other powers and forces fade into insignificance beside it—how he learned to commune directly with the Living God, using this mighty, never-failing power to demonstrate health, happiness, and financial success, and how any normal being may find and use it as Jesus did. He is now offering this treatise free to every reader of this magazine who writes him. If you want to read this highly interesting, revolutionary and fascinating story of the discovery of a great Truth, just send your name and address to Dr. Frank B. Robinson, Dept. L, Moscow, Idaho. It will be sent free and postpaid without cost or obligation. Write the Doctor today.

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With the News Sleuth

Continued from page twenty-seven

Paul's Stock Soars

WHEN Paul Kelly, then a young star on the former FBO lot, was sentenced to prison following the tragic death of Dorothy Mackaye's husband a few years ago, he vowed he'd never touch another drop of liquor after paying his debt to society. And Paul has kept his word.

Given a come-back opportunity by Darryl Zanuck in *Broadway Through a Keyhole*, Kelly turned in a performance that drew cheers from all Hollywood.

Now Warner Brothers have borrowed him from Twentieth Century for the lead opposite Aline MacMahon in *Fur Coats*.

Zanuck has starring plans for Kelly following a brief build-up.

Ann Seeks Father

ANN DVORAK is conducting a nation-wide search for her father, Edward McKim, whom she hasn't seen since she was seven years old, when he was divorced by Ann's mother, Anna Lehr. She wants him to come to California and make his home with her and her husband, Leslie Fenton.

McKim was a Shakespearean actor.

Fans' Pleas Win

METRO'S 1934 starring program for the veteran May Robson has been revised to provide for the filming of *The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary*, that successful vehicle in which the lovable actress trouped this country for several years before coming to Hollywood.

Studio heads reached their decision following receipt of thousands of letters from May's army of admirers urging that their favorite be given a chance in what they consider the finest characterization of her long career.

When Duty Calls

DICK BARTHELMESS' proposed European vacation drew a new set-back when the Brothers Warner decided to send *A One-Man Woman* into production immediately on the heels of *A Modern Hero*. Dick toiled right through the holidays on the latter picture, hopeful that mid-January would find Mrs. Barthelmess and himself on the high seas.

Hard work has its reward in Dick's case, however, for his contract calls for only three productions a year, and after completing *A One-Man Woman*, he'll be free to travel until late in the fall.

Jean Turns Author

JEAN HARLOW is not idling away her time while her salary battle with Metro is keeping her off the screen. She revealed the other day that she is putting the finishing touches on a novel, which she is naming *Today is Tonight*.

Jean, 'tis said, is standing firm in her demand for $10,000 a week. Studio heads, on the other hand, are equally adamant.

The platinum blonde's contract with M-G-M has two years to run, and unless she is able to reach an agreement with her bosses, the Hays code will keep her off the American screen. English producers, however, are bidding for her services.

Randy Weds Soon

RANDOLPH SCOTT's jaunt to London was not entirely lacking in accomplishments, for he won Vivian Gay's wealthy and aristocratic dad's consent to his suit for Vivian's heart and hand.

While Randy denies that the wedding date has been fixed, his intimates insist he will lead the vivacious manager of Sari Maritza to the altar before June.

Randy has bid adieu to Westerns, in which he rose to popularity on the screen. He will be given an opportunity to bring his dramatic ability into play when he emotes opposite Sylvia Sidney in Paramount's *Thirty-Day Princess*.



—*Freulich*

Dorothy Dix—not the Dorothy of lovelorn fame but an important part of the scenery on the Universal lot. Her latest is* Drum Taps *with Ken Maynard

It's All a Mystery!

LESS than a month after Sidney Fox and Charlie Beahan, the author-producer, celebrated the first anniversary of their marriage by being re-wed, they were en route to see the judge.

Just what happened to change their great love into hate overnight is a mystery to both Sidney and Charlie.

Buster Starts Over

A MORE SUBDUED, saner Buster Keaton will star in a series of two-reel films as his first step in a campaign to regain the heights upon which he was so long enthroned.

When Natalie Talmadge divorced him and he married May Scrivens, who nursed him through an illness, the comedian turned over a new page, disappeared from the spots where he had earned a reputation as a playboy, gave up hard liquor in favor of beer, and settled down to the task of being a successful husband.

And May will tell you that Buster is an ideal fireside companion!

Can't Stop Janet

FOILED in her attempt to annul her marriage to that European prince via the New York courts, Janet Snowden, oil heiress, will seek a Reno divorce.

Meanwhile, William Gill, one-time husband of the late Rénée Adorée, who will wed Janet as soon as she is free, is campaigning for a talkie contract for his bride-to-be.

Despite the fact that her fortune runs into the millions, Janet insists she'll never be happy until she has a chance at a celluloid career.

Lee Marks Time

LEE TRACY will shortly return to the screen!

Metro's erstwhile bad boy, who was shunted into retirement following his now famous scene on a Mexico City hotel balcony, will be signed by another major studio as soon as chatter about the incident has subsided. That's why Lee is refusing lucrative Broadway stage offers.

Meanwhile, Isabel Jewell and Lee have moved back their wedding date until fall. It was done at Lee's suggestion.

"I love Isabel too much to marry her before I've lived this thing down," Lee explained.

"I love Lee and I intend to go to the altar with him," said Isabel. "I know he didn't do anything wrong down in Mexico, and I certainly wouldn't turn away from him even if he had."

Mimi's Secret is Out

MIRIAM JORDAN'S colleagues didn't even suspect that she was a married woman until she filed suit in a Los Angeles court to divorce Joseph Davis, New York and London, whom she charged with "laziness and profligacy."

Mimi and Joe have been separated since 1926.

Ever since Mimi, returning to Hollywood from an Eastern vacation a few months ago, announced the loss of "a costly engagement ring," her friends have been puzzling over the name of the bridegroom-to-be.



"The Broken Romances of Rudy Vallee", an intimate story of a great star, is but one of the intimate fascinating true life stories that fill this popular magazine devoted to love problems. Watch for the April issue of

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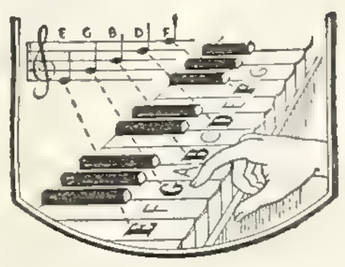
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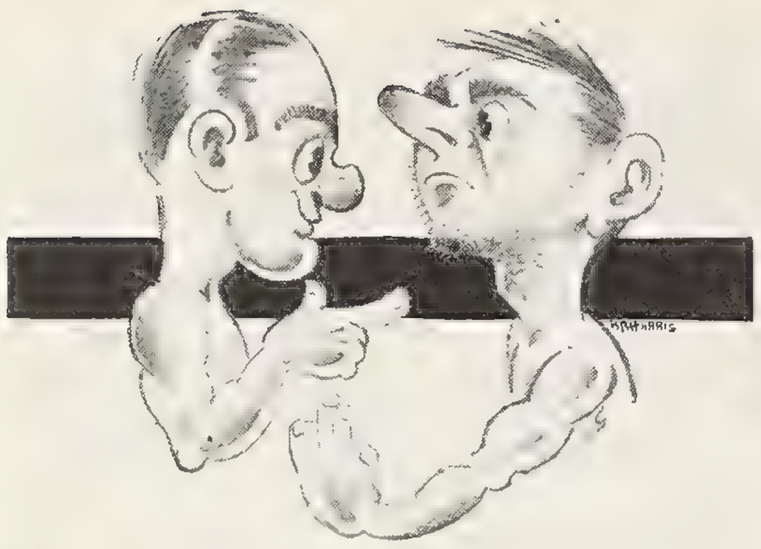
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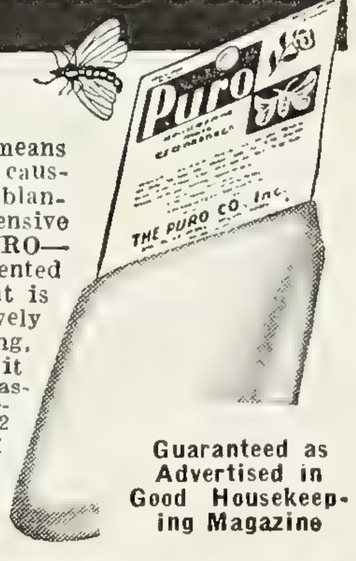
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You Don't Know Bill Gargan!

Continued from page seventeen

was three dollars. His cab fare came to $4.75! At the end of that first day, he decided that there was no profit in it at that rate, so gave it up."

When Bill graduated from high school at the age of eighteen he had no idea of turning his elocutionary talents into money. He decided to become a business man and got a job selling salad oil to chain stores.

"I've never seen anyone so enthusiastic over a job," Mary Gargan laughed. "Every time he came over to my house for dinner he would bring his salad oil with him and insist on mixing salad dressings for us. He made gallons at a time until the house was swimming. It was a lucky thing that the job lasted only two months."

At Nineteen Bill became a private detective. His first task consisted of guarding a jewelry messenger. But he "lost" the messenger almost immediately and his sleuthing days were over.

"I didn't have much luck in the way of jobs. Either I couldn't stick to them or they wouldn't stick to me. I had no idea of becoming an actor. Mary was on the stage and as she and I were going to be married I figured that one in the family on the stage was enough."

Mary had started out as an actress early in life. She played child parts for Pathé in New York in the old silent pictures. Then she graduated to the stage as an acrobatic dancer, working in Ziegfeld, Earl Carroll and George White productions.

Her theatrical days are over now; she has turned that department over to her husband while she takes care of the children and keeps house.

An introduction to the producer of *Aloma of the South Seas,* in which Harry Bannister and Zita Johann were playing, landed Bill his first bit. He learned the play so thoroughly that he soon worked up to the heavy rôle. There was no one in the company who knew every bit of business as well as Bill did, and when the show went on the road, Bill got the job of staging two road shows of it and traveling with them for sixty weeks as manager.

Then came forty weeks with Francine Larrimore in *Laugh That Off.* Bill was on top of the world and he and Mary got married while the company was playing in Chicago. Shortly afterward came the slump. Depression hit the Gargans a wallop.

"There were ten months of it," Bill told me, "and no matter what I tried, everything seemed to go against me."

Then, Just As suddenly as it had come, the slump was over. First there was a spell during which Bill eagerly sought and played extra parts in pictures.

The first of this extra work as a gangster in *Follow the Leader,* with Ed Wynn. His next two jobs were in Claudette Colbert pictures—*His Woman* and *Misleading Lady.*

Some months later, Claudette picked up the morning paper to see a picture of one of Broadway's newest sensations staring at her. She instantly recognized the face of the jovial, good-looking, smiling Irishman who had played extra in her pictures—William Gargan.

It happened that a friend who had bought a vaudeville act called Bill on the phone and asked him to play in it at a salary of $75 weekly. Bill almost leaped through the phone in accepting the offer.

The act opened at the Prospect theatre in Brooklyn and almost immediately William Farnum called Bill and offered him a part in a play, *Headquarters,* at a salary of $225 weekly—apologizing for the smallness of the sum. Bill and Mary had not seen that much money in almost a year!

Jobs came thick and fast after his run in *Headquarters,* and ultimately it led to the rôle of the butler in *The Animal Kingdom* with Leslie Howard.

The Howards and the Gargans are now Hollywood's thickest friends. Leslie helped to push a lot of the play over to Gargan, and when Leslie came to Hollywood to do the film version of the play he would have no one but Bill play the butler in it.

Bill scored highly in *The Animal Kingdom* and signed a long term contract with Radio. Lewis Milestone insisted on Bill playing the marine in *Rain,* De Mille used him in *Four Frightened People,* and other studios put in bids for his services. One of his most important recent loan-outs was to Columbia for *The Line Up.*

Bill Gargan reads all of his fan mail avidly and spends many of his nights personally autographing photos to fans. He is as happy as a child over every fan letter, and feels flattered when they ask for his pictures.

He is a housekeeper's nemesis whenever he gets hold of a newspaper—especially the Sunday paper. He can never keep it together, but ends up with the whole thing strewn over the house.

He has a grand sense of humor and is extremely easy going. He erupts very rarely, but when he does the wise thing is for everyone to run for cover; hates parsnips, turnips, Irish stew, delicatessen meals and Italian cooking, but can eat any amount of Chinese food placed before him.

He has no sense of color combinations in his dress. He would wear a yellow tie and red shirt with a blue suit if his wife didn't watch him.

He is wild about children—especially his own, of which he has two. Barrie, almost five years old, was named after Sir James Barrie, Bill's favorite playwright, and the youngest, only a few months old, is named Leslie Howard Gargan.

He is a handball and football fiend. Never misses a day at playing handball, at which he is considered quite a shark.

He can't stand evening clothes, but prefers sport clothes and silk underwear.

He is a bug on insurance. One of his hobbies is reading up on insurance contracts and rates, and if you give him an opening he will quote them to you by the hour.

"In other words," as Mary Gargan puts it, "he is just a child, devoted father, a marvelous pal, and a problem to his wife."

What's New on the Screen!

Continued from page eleven

Oriental dive, Miss Francis falls in love with physician Lyle Talbot only to find her romance threatened by Ricardo Cortez. Love's redemption and the thwarting of the villain constitute the plot structure of the drama. The principals share acting honors with Warner Oland, Ruth Donnelly and Lucien Littlefield in able support.

The Search For Beauty

● Here's a picture unreservedly recommended for the entire family, revolving around the activities of two erstwhile Olympic champions, Buster Crabbe and Ida Lupino, who first launch a health magazine and then follow it up with a health farm, using as examples of their preachments the winners of a world-wide search for physical perfection. The plot begins to jell when Jimmy Gleason, Robert Armstrong and Gertrude Michael attempt to chisel in on the project. Youngsters will thrill to the elaborate athletic pageants and adults will find plenty of amusement in the antics of the Armstrong-Gleason team.

It Happened One Night

● Crisp dialogue and comedy with a fine dramatic punch combine to make this one of the most thoroughly natural and enjoyable pieces of human drama ever put upon the screen. Clark Gable, newspaperman, aids Claudette Colbert to escape a marriage forced upon her by her father. From that point events move swiftly to a joyful conclusion. Leads outstanding with Walter Connolly and Roscoe Karns distinguishing themselves in supporting rôles. Frank Capra, director, has turned out a hit picture which you must not miss.

Good Dame

● Sylvia Sidney and Fredric March do themselves proud in a sweetly convincing love story laid against the background of a sordid carnival lot. Sylvia, a stranded chorus girl, joins a carnival troupe where she meets March. Thrown together through a series of misfortunes, their love triumphs over various obstacles. A splendid picture which will add much to the laurels of the co-stars. By all means plan to see it.

Looking For Trouble

● If you're looking for entertainment watch for *Looking for Trouble*, which has everything—comedy, thrills, excellent gags and dialogue, suspense, human drama and a remarkable new comedy team, Spencer Tracy and Jack Oakie. "Trouble shooters" for a telephone company, they go in for everything from wire-tapping to murder-solving with time out for romantic interludes with Constance Cummings and Arline Judge.

Carolina

● Delightfully entertaining is this story of the financial travails of an old Southern family who conceive the not entirely original idea of marrying off a son to revive the family fortunes. Janet Gaynor is the Yankee girl who becomes the eventual bride of Robert Young. Nice performances by the young people; but Lionel Barrymore steals the dramatic thunder in his rôle of the hard-drinking and slightly insane uncle. Gaynor fans won't be disappointed in this romantic story.

Hi, Nellie!

● It's a long jump from the chain gang to the lovers' advice department of a big newspaper, but Paul Muni makes the leap successfully and thereby hangs up another of his unusual characterizations. His friends call him "Nellie," (when he is forced to forsake his editor's chair temporarily to pinch hit for Cupid), but Paul does a grand job, solves a missing-person mystery and gets a newspaper scoop. Ned Sparks and Glenda Farrell acquit themselves more than creditably but Muni steals the show.

Six of a Kind

● You'll probably be weak with laughter and just a bit dizzy when this riotous comedy finally fades out on your local screen, but you owe it to yourself not to miss it. Mary Boland, Charles Ruggles, Burns and Allen, Alison Skipworth and W. C. Fields are co-starred in a series of episodes which will have you helpless with laughter from first to final reel. There's a plot, of course—something about Ruggles and Boland taking a second honeymoon which a clever crook tries to utilize as a means of getting away with embezzled bank funds—but it really doesn't matter. Grand fun for everybody, Junior and Grandma included.

This Side of Heaven

● Another treat for Lionel Barrymore fans in a brightly done story of a family to whom everything happens at once. Fay Bainter, noted stage star, makes her screen début and registers heavily. As the story opens, the mother has just sold her first book to the movies; the father, innocently embroiled in an office embezzlement, almost takes an overdose of sleeping tablets; the son cracks up in an auto accident. Matters are a bit hectic but there's a happy fade-out.

The Lost Patrol

● Here's one off the beaten path—a grim and at times draggy story of men without women. Locale is the Mesopotamian desert in 1917. A patrol of British Tommies is attacked by Arabs who kill the youthful officer, leaving the command to Sergeant Victor McLaglen, lost and in desperate straits. The Britons reach an oasis, are surrounded by the tribesmen and are murdered one by one. McLaglen turns in the performance of his life and he's in good dramatic company with Boris Karloff, Wallace Ford, Reginald Denny, Alan Hale and Billy Bevan playing other members of the doomed patrol. Despite the grimness of the theme, you'll like the work of the cast and the beautiful photography.

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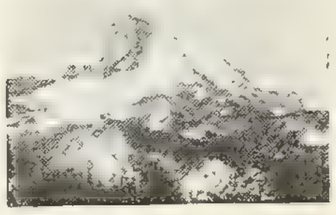
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Marry Young

Continued from page thirty-two

for a week or so and then not work any more for a year. . . .

"I think we must have shut our eyes to everything except the fact that we were in love. I'm glad we did. No matter if things had gone all wrong, I wouldn't give up a single memory of those early days for anything. The experiences we shared. The funny little joys, nothing in themselves, but good fun because we did them together. Like riding atop a bus along Riverside Drive on free afternoons. One afternoon I remember especially. We had been married two months and to celebrate Norman bought me a corsage of gardenias and we went to a tea dance at the Ritz. Mad extravagance but how we adored it!"

For A Long time Claudette and Norman had to keep their marriage a secret. They were desperately afraid someone would try to separate them because they were not of age. In their own way they have worked out, for more than six years now, a married life that is probably the most romantic and colorful in Hollywood. A woman's job, says Claudette, isn't so much seeing that a house is run smoothly and the budget kept straight *as it is keeping romance alive.* "To kill it by hum-drum—why, that's as bad as passing love by entirely," she explains.

"American men have a surprising amount of sentiment that is worth while for any woman to cultivate! Just yesterday I heard one of them doing a bit of reminiscing. He was the big-business-man type and he said something rather remarkable: 'Do you know the happiest time of my life was when I was first married and earning the magnificent sum of $27.50 a week. I remember we wanted new linoleum for the kitchen floor and I went without cigarettes for a month to help buy it. One week I made an extra five dollars on the side and I got my wife a pair of earrings she'd been wanting. Queer thing—I felt more of a millionaire *then* than I do now!'

"There's another friend of mine, a famous woman lawyer, who has about everything the world can offer. One evening we passed a couple in Griffith Park wheeling their baby. They looked like high school youngsters and they seemed pretty tired but there was something in their faces—a sort of rapture. Even as we observed them, he slipped his arm around her. Somehow you knew that couple had found the answer to life in each other. 'They have what I threw away,' said my companion. 'Young love—you can never re-capture the glory of it. I was nineteen. I thought it would hinder the career I had planned . . . babies and tending a boy-husband and steamy kitchens and all. So I chose the career.'

"I can still hear the awful bitterness in her voice," Claudette finished, and her own voice was deep with sympathy.

The sun had disappeared behind the hills now. Shadows were inked in against the far corners of the room as she concluded slowly: "It isn't an easy thing to do—work out a youthful marriage successfully with all its struggles and sacrifices. It's true Norman and I didn't find it easy. But then, no love ever became strong and full and rich without handicaps to hurdle!"

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The Man Who Died

Continued from page twenty-eight

thinks or feels nothing. Another branch insists that it is possible for a man's entire life to pass in mental review in the brief interval before he loses consciousness and that time cannot be measured by the human brain. A dream that seems to cover a period of hours, can take place within the space of a split second. Robinson agrees with the latter school and cites his own experience to prove it,

"In my picture *Two Seconds*, I was electrocuted in the electric chair. Through my mind, in the brief interval between the turning on of the current and unconsciousness, the entire panorama of my life was supposed to pass in mental review. I knew, from my own experience, how really possible that was.

"As I drew the water into my lungs and felt myself losing consciousness, I lost all sense of the passage of time. Mental pictures flashed, rushing through my brain, seemingly without end. I thought of my mother, of things that had happened at home. I saw her sitting, knitting by the gas light and coming to say good night to me in my bed. I recalled simple things, like bringing in wood, getting ready for school, playing ball in a vacant lot so plainly that I still recall the details of the play.

"Superimposed between these concrete thoughts were abstract things. My ambition to go on the stage and the realization that I could never now achieve my goal. I was looking through a kaleidoscope, not knowing what was coming next. Gradually my thoughts became jumbled and began to fade and at last vanished all together. I was dead!

"I Do Not Recollect the actual cessation of thought," he continued. "I had no sensation of fear. Time stood still and I could not say that the few brief moments while I was conscious after drawing water into my lungs, seemed like an hour, a week or a year. There simply was no sense of time. It was just like a dream."

But the sensation which Eddie Robinson felt during those few horror-stricken moments were indelibly stamped on his brain upon awakening. It has left him marked with an obsession which he will never be able to overcome.

"When I go into water of any depth, even now," he says, "a semblance of my former experience is repeated. The mental conception produces an actual physical paralysis. I feel the same constriction of the throat, the same choking, strangling sensation. I suffocate, I gasp for breath. It is a feeling of horror which one who has not experienced it cannot comprehend. I have a distinct dread of water, not to look at or to bathe in or to be on in a boat. When I recently returned from Europe on the Italian liner *Conté Grande*, we ran into terrible storms. I was one of the few who were not frightened."

The panic comes in another form. When he ducks his head under water, he is stricken with an abject and unreasoning fear. Eddie Robinson will bear the mark of that horrible experience for the rest of his life.

◆

Jacqueline Paige suffered painful cuts when struck by an auto-gyro's elevator blade during filming of a scene.

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29x4.75-20	2.50	.95
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30x5.00-20	2.85	1.05
28x5.25-18	2.90	1.15
29x5.25-19	2.95	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.95	1.15
31x5.25-21	3.25	1.15
28x5.50-18	3.35	1.15
29x5.50-19	3.35	1.15
30x6.00-18	3.40	1.15
31x6.00-19	3.40	1.15
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33x4½	3.45	1.15
34x4½	3.45	1 15
30x5	3.65	1.35
33x5	3.75	1.45
35x5	3.95	1 55

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NEW PRODUCTIONS

AAA—CAROLINA—Entertaining story of impoverished Southern family with Janet Gaynor, Lionel Barrymore.—*Fox.*

AAA—COMING OUT PARTY—Motherhood minus clerical sanction as presented by Frances Dee. Good entertainment.—*Fox.*

AAA—EASY TO LOVE—Light comedy, splendidly played by such able farceurs as Adolphe Menjou, Genevieve Tobin, Mary Astor and Edward Everett Horton. Sophisticated.—*Warners.*

AAA—EVER SINCE EVE—George O'Brien deserts western regalia and crashes New York society. Capable support by Mary Brian, Herbert Mundin and Betty Blythe.—*Fox.*

AAAA—FASHIONS OF 1934—Silk-hat gangsters raid Paris salons to pirate dress styles. Thrills, gowns and dance routines.—*Warners.*

AAA—FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE—Jungle perils remove civilization's veneer as Claudette Colbert, Mary Boland, William Gargan and Herbert Marshall flee bubonic plague.—*Paramount.*

AAAA—GOOD DAME—Sylvia Sidney and Fredric March garner fresh laurels in convincing carnival love story.—*Paramount.*

AAA—HI, NELLIE!—Paul Muni, lovelorn editor—"Nellie" to his friends—solves a missing-person mystery and scores news scoop.—*Warners.*

AAA—HIPS, HIPS, HOORAY!—Excellent comedy by Wheeler and Woolsey. Pretty girls galore and numerous laughs.—*Radio.*

AAAA—HIS DOUBLE LIFE—Roland Young impersonates dead valet, with Lillian Gish in a superb screen comeback.—*Paramount.*

AAAA—IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT—Newspaperman Clark Gable aids Claudette Colbert to escape loveless marriage.—*Columbia.*

AAA—I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER—Pat O'Brien, phone repair man, mixes business with pleasure, rescues his switchboard sweetie, Joan Blondell, from gang complications.—*Warners.*

AAA—LEGONG—The rare beauties of the exotic island of Bali presented for the first time in color by Connie Bennett s marquis-husband.—*Radio.*

AAA—LET'S FALL IN LOVE—Familiar formula of newcomer who scores when star stages walkout. Splendid acting and direction. Gregory Ratoff, Ann Sothern outstanding.—*Columbia.*

AAAA—LOOKING FOR TROUBLE—Spencer Tracy and Jack Oakie teamed as telephone "trouble shooters" who go in for everything from wire-tapping to murder-solving.—*Twentieth Century.*

AAA—ONCE TO EVERY WOMAN—Hospital romance, plus a gripping operating sequence. Walter Connolly, Ralph Bellamy and Fay Wray apt in medical rôles. Good drama.—*Columbia.*

AAAA—PALOOKA—Prize ring comedy, and a knockout from first to final bell. Fast-stepping and a whirlwind of laughs. Jimmy Durante, Stu Erwin, Lupe Velez.—*United Artists.*

AAA—SIX OF A KIND—A new deal in riotous comedy—with Mary Boland, Charles Ruggles, Alison Skipworth, W. C. Fields, Burns and Allen. —*Paramount.*

AAAA—SPITFIRE—Katharine Hepburn in gripping mountain tale of faith healing and bigotry. Kidnaping accusations and attempted lynching put punch into climax. Hepburn's show.—*Radio.*

AAA—STRANGE HOLIDAY—Different entertainment in which Death visits earth to find why people fear him. With Fredric March, Evelyn Venable.—*Paramount.*

AAA—THE LOST PATROL—Grim desert drama harking back to war days in Mesopotamia, with Victor McLaglen.—*Radio.*



***Mae Clarke and Muriel Kirkland in a frolicsome moment from the successful* Nana**

AAA—THE SEARCH FOR BEAUTY—Olympic champions Buster Crabbe and Ida Lupino manage a health farm. Jimmy Gleason and Robert Armstrong try to chisel in on the profits. Good fun for everybody.—*Paramount.*

AAA—THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN—Lionel Barrymore, innocently embroiled in office embezzlement. Barrymore splendid.—*Metro.*

AAA—YOU CAN'T BUY EVERYTHING—Hit show for May Robson in story based on life of the late Hetty Green. Excellent support by Lewis Stone and Mary Forbes.—*Metro.*

NEIGHBORHOOD SHOWINGS

AAA—ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN—Lee Tracy conducts a "broken hearts" column with amazing results.—*Twentieth Century.*

AAAA—BELOVED—John Boles in best performance of career. Gripping love story with Gloria Stuart and splendid cast.—*Universal.*

AAAA—BLOOD MONEY—Rousing entertainment of the most popular brand. Frances Dee, George Bancroft, Judith Anderson.—*Twentieth Century.*

AAA—BY CANDLELIGHT—Elissa Landi and Paul Lukas practice mutual deception, posing as royalty in intriguing Viennese story.—*Universal.*

AAA—CROSS COUNTRY CRUISE—Melodrama on a transcontinental bus with Lew Ayres, June Knight, Alan Dinehart.—*Universal.*

AAA—GALLANT LADY—Ann Harding in poignant mother rôle. Best performance since *Holiday.* With Otto Kruger, Clive Brook, Tullio Carminati, Dickie Moore.—*Twentieth Century.*

AAA—GOING HOLLYWOOD—Marion Davies and Bing Crosby contribute delightful musical entertainment.—*Metro.*

AAA—I AM SUZANNE—Lilian Harvey scores again in fascinating romance of dancer with Puppeteer Gene Raymond.—*Fox.*

AAA—I LIKE IT THAT WAY—Pleasant filmusical with Gloria Stuart, Marian Marsh outstanding.—*Universal.*

AAA—FUGITIVE LOVERS—Exciting melodrama with Bob Montgomery as an escaped convict aboard a cross-country bus.—*Metro.*

AAAA—LITTLE WOMEN—Katharine Hepburn superb in outstanding interpretation. Joan Bennett, Paul Lukas, Frances Dee.—*Radio.*

AAA—MISS FANE'S BABY IS STOLEN—Timely picture of baby abduction. Dorothea Wieck outstanding, Alice Brady engaging, Baby LeRoy his lovable self.—*Paramount.*

AAAA—MOULIN ROUGE—Constance Bennett scores in a dual personality rôle, excellently aided by Franchot Tone, Helen Westley and Tullio Carminati. Grand show.—*Twentieth Century.*

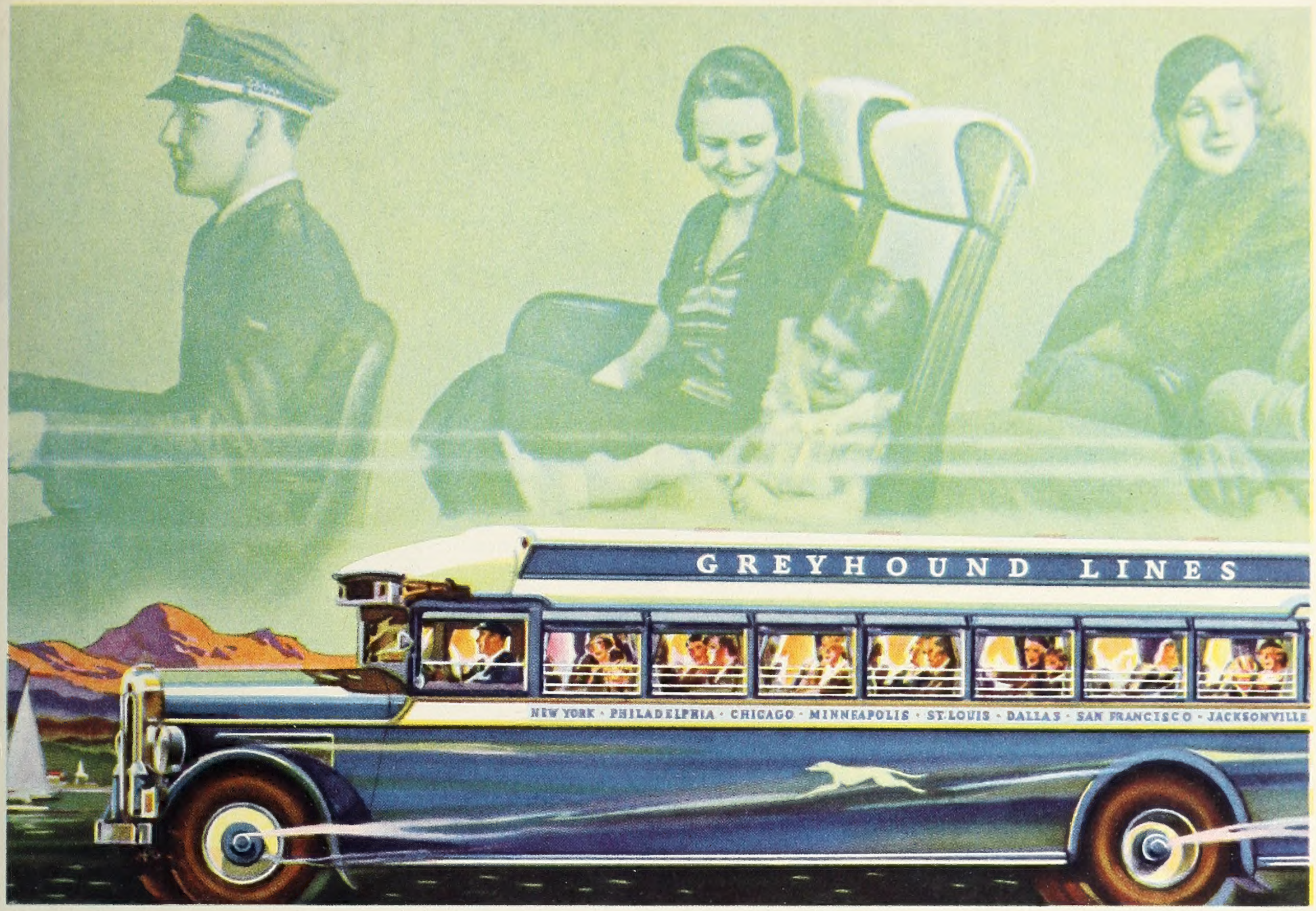
AAA—MR. SKITCH—Will Rogers in a depression cure highlighted by Will's witticisms and movie impersonations of Florence Desmond. ZaSu Pitts, Rochelle Hudson, Charles Starrett.—*Fox.*

AAAA—NANA—Auspicious début of Anna Sten, Russian charmer, in adaptation of famous Zola novel. Excellent screen fare with Richard Bennett as French Belasco.—*United Artists.*

AAAA—QUEEN CHRISTINA—Greta Garbo's greatest triumph. Engrossing story, superbly cast, with comeback of John Gilbert.—*Metro.*

AAA—SON OF A SAILOR—Joe E. Brown performs capably in a made-to-order rôle. Supporting cast, including Thelma Todd, Jean Muir and Johnny Mack Brown, excellent.—*Warners.*

AAA—THE WOMEN IN HIS LIFE—Otto Kruger in brilliant portrayal of criminal lawyer. Isabel Jewell outstanding.—*Metro.*



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